

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE DECEASED MILLIONAIRE.

THE LATE ALEXANDER T. STEWART—HIS WEALTH, ENTERPRISE AND MUNIFICENCE.

A. T. STEWART, the "Merchant Prince of the United States," died at his residence on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street at 1:45 on Monday, April 10th. He had been ailing considerably about a fortnight, but at the close of the week preceding his death his condition was reported as being quite favorable.

He was born near Belfast, Ireland, in 1803, and after pursuing the regular course of study at Trinity College, Dublin, he was sent to the United States by his grandfather, who had adopted him on the death of his parents. It was the intention of the elder Stewart to prepare Alexander for the ministry, and the high reputation of the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church at Princeton, N. J., having extended to his native place, it was decided that upon his arrival in this country he should enter that institution and pass through the established curriculum.

He landed at New York in 1823. One report of this portion of his life says that he at once began teaching school to earn a livelihood; another, that finding he had a few more pounds sterling than were required for his immediate necessities, invested them in a quantity of drygoods which he sold the same day, reaping a handsome profit. Whichever report is true, it is certain that within a short time after his arrival he had established himself in a modest trade on the west side of Broadway, opposite City Hall Park. His success was so rapid, that in 1848 he was able to build the large marble store on the site of the "Washington Hotel," an old-time fashionable resort. From this period Mr. Stewart's business rapidly grew into colossal proportions. Buying in large quantities, and always for cash, he en-



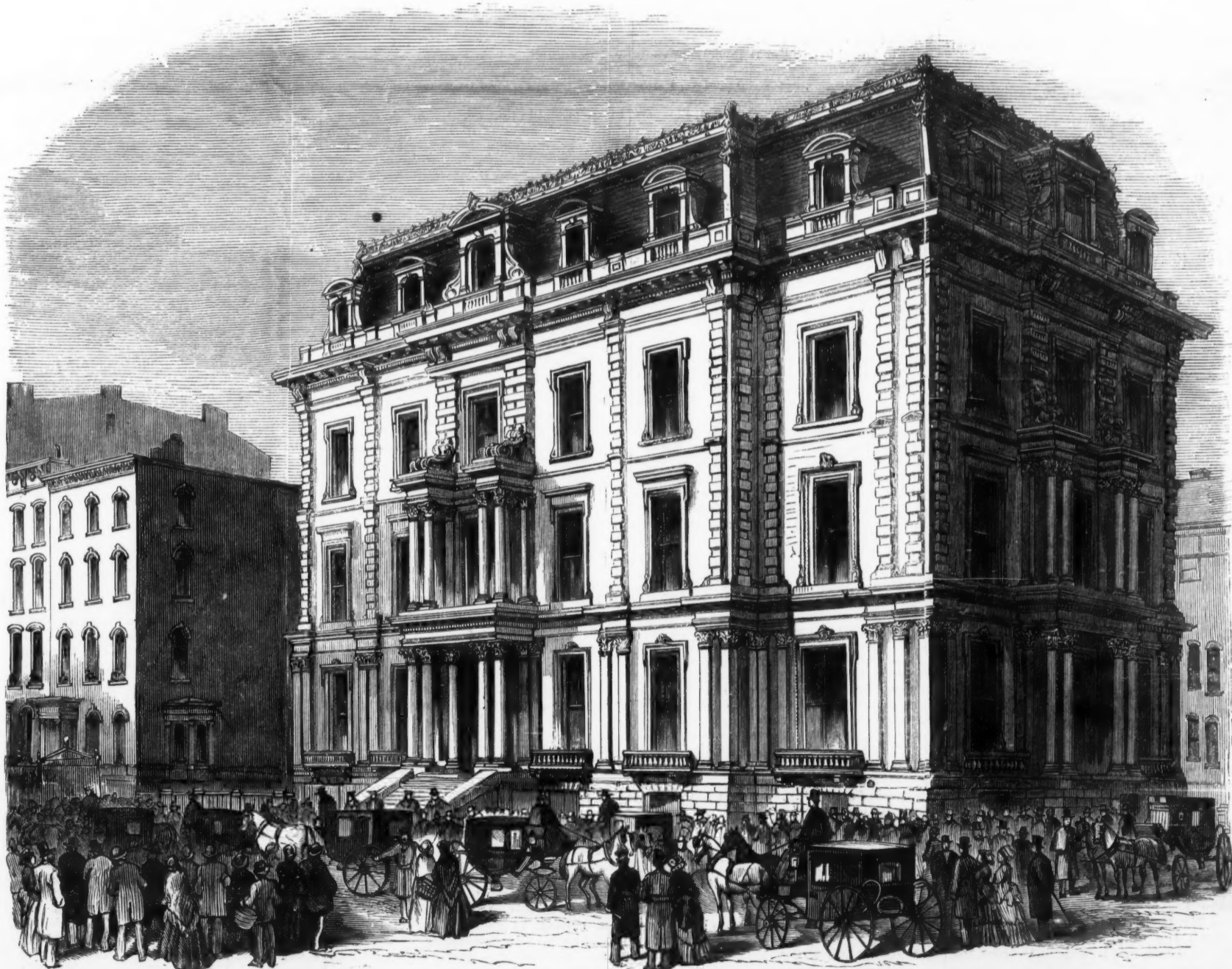
THE LATE ALEXANDER T. STEWART.—FROM A PAINTING MADE IN 1869 BY T. F. ROSSITER.

joyed great advantages in his foreign purchases, and received concessions accorded to no other American merchant.

Anticipating the up-town movement, he purchased a portion of the old Randall Farm, bounded by Ninth and Tenth Streets, Broadway, and Fourth Avenue, and erected there the six-story iron building, into which, about ten years ago, retaining his old store for his wholesale trade, he removed his entire retail business. The investment at this point in real estate and building is estimated at \$2,750,000. It is the largest store of the kind in the world. Each of its eight floors covers an area of two and a quarter acres. An engine of 520 horsepower is required to heat the building, run the elevators, and work the great row of sewing-machines on the fourth-floor. About 2,000 employes are under pay in its walls, and the running expenses are over \$1,000,000 per year. The sales of the two stores have aggregated as high as \$50,000,000 in a single year, and a writer in the New York World, last week, calculated them to amount to fully three-fifths of that vast sum at present.

But vast as it was, Mr. Stewart's drygoods business did not engross his whole attention. Some of his out-of-town enterprises were conceived and prosecuted on an equally gigantic scale. He owned the Grand Union, the largest Summer hotel at Saratoga. He built up and owned Garden City, on Long Island, and connected it with New York by a railroad, ending at Hunter's Point Ferry. At Glenham, near Fishkill, N. Y., he has been occupied with another monster enterprise, in the erection of vast manufactories, on the completion of which he expected to be able to substitute domestic fabrics for a large line of foreign goods now necessarily imported. Mr. Stewart has also during the past fifty years been a buyer of New York city real estate to an extent only exceeded by the Astors, and is believed by some to be the largest real estate owner in this city.

(Continued on page 111.)



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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1876.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE STEWART OBSEQUIES.

In an Extra Edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, to be issued on the morning of Saturday, April 15th, will be presented an exhaustive series of illustrations of the Funeral Services of the late A. T. Stewart.

"CHOICE FRUITS."

AFTER THE PAINTING OF WILLIAM DICKES.

On the copstone of a garden wall, in a bright sunlight, are two luscious peaches just plucked from a tree trained on the sunny side of the sheltering wall. The rich bloom still rests on their rosy cheeks. Near, a branch of purple grapes with the stem, tendrils and a green and crimson leaf, to relieve the high color of the purple and gold; while, to complete the picture, a modest bunch of white grapes, apparently a part of a cluster some time deprived of the sustenance of the parent stem, and a honey-bee sipping the escaping juice, make up a rare gem with a naturalness seldom attained in chromo-lithography, and rarely excelled by the brush. Size, 9½ x 14 inches. Purchasers of either

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Part I. of FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORICAL REGISTER OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION is now in press. See advertisement in this paper.

This week in FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL are given beautiful Spring Fashions—the latest from Paris. These Fashion Plates appear in the LADY'S JOURNAL simultaneously with their announcement in Paris. Ladies should secure this copy. For sale by all news-dealers.

THE KEY OF OUR POLITICAL SITUATION.

THERE perhaps has never been a time in the history of American politics when the elements of public opinion were in such a chaotic state as that which now obtains with regard to the precise issues of the approaching Presidential election and the candidates who shall best represent them before the people. It was but natural, we suppose, that this confusion of ideas should be worst confounded of all in the ranks of the Republican Party, for it has been the unhappy destiny of this party, in ruling at first by force, and subsequently by the arts of corruption, to have destroyed within its bosom the germs of an intelligent statesmanship. Hence the mournful spectacle of Republican State Conventions, like those which have recently assembled in Indiana, Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania, giving publicity to the most heterogeneous opinions upon questions of grave public policy, and selecting as their standard-bearers—not statesmen of universal repute throughout the land, but politicians of such local renown, that in the case of all except perhaps Senator Morton it is commonly supposed they have been placed in nomination rather as political stock in trade, to be judiciously used for purposes of bargain and sale, than with any serious intention of pressing their claims upon the consideration of the people in connection with the highest honor in their gift.

We take it for granted that the suggestion of names like those of General Hayes and General Hartranft is everywhere understood to "mean business" only as such business is understood by political traders of the Simon Cameron school, and, in the face of such a defection as that threatened by the Union League and the men for whom Mr. George William Curtis assumed to speak the other day in the Syracuse Convention, we find it difficult to treat the candidature of Mr. Conkling with the entire respect otherwise due to his "magnificent

torso," as occasionally exhibited in the Senate and on the hustings. And if there be apparently more of pith and purpose in the political figure of Mr. Morton, considered as a "hard hitter" in the "prize ring" of American politicians, it is at the same time clear (to keep up the lingo of that ring) that his head has been "put in chancery" by the damaging fact of his notorious complication with the soft-money craze and inflation tendencies of his Indiana abettors. Of Mr. Blaine it will be time enough to speak as soon as his "chances" for the nomination bear any conceivable proportion to the intensity of his Presidential aspirations. For the present it looks very much as if the excitable gentleman of Maine were destined to give a new point to the bucolic comparison by which the late Senator Benton was wont to point a moral against the political ambition which overleaps itself—a comparison drawn from the too mettlesome bull, who leaped so high that he broke his own neck. As for Mr. Bristow, he seems to have among his Republican brethren that sort of virtue which Juvenal has praised as peculiar to the worst days of Rome—the virtue that "is praised and left out in the cold." Indeed, among his political friends who "run the machine," the reforming Secretary of the Treasury occupies about the place of Cinderella among her sisters, and we must, therefore, look for his Presidential prospects in the fairy-books, and not in the proceedings of Republican State Conventions.

When we turn to consider the aspects of this same Presidential problem as that problem presents itself to the Democratic Party, we see that its solution is facilitated by two prominent considerations. The Democratic candidate for the Presidency, whoever he may be, must be a man whose name and antecedents will afford in themselves a sufficient guarantee for both his zeal and his intelligence as an administrative reformer, and if he is to be nominated with any hope of electing him, he must be a man who can carry the great State of New York, and who in carrying it will be likely also to carry the adjoining States of New Jersey and Connecticut. Indeed, the States of New Jersey and Connecticut, not only by reason of geographical contiguity, but also by community of interests, are so substantially identified with the State and the city of New York that the same political influences which shall dominate both our city and State will be likely to dominate the intelligent and thriving Commonwealths which find in the city of New York their commercial centre. It does not, therefore, need to be said that the Democratic candidate, whoever he may be, must be a believer in hard money, and must be pledged to the earliest practicable resumption of specie payments—the earliest which shall be compatible with the general interests of the country; for it would be the very error of the moon to suppose that a candidate with a doubtful record on this point could enter the canvass with any hope of success.

For the Democrats, therefore, the strategic question, "Where is Toulon?" can be readily answered by pointing to the State of New York and its two adjoining sister States. When in the early days of the French Revolution the Republican army of France was besieging the city of Toulon, (which had become the retreat and stronghold of the Royalists), Napoleon, who at the time was serving in the army as the commandant of artillery, became convinced, on reconnoitring the ground, that it was not necessary to make an attack directly upon the whole city, but that the whole city could be carried by the simple capture of the fort which had been erected at the extreme point of the promontory of Balaguier and l'Aiguillette. His advice prevailed, and for a time the British commander who was defending the city could not understand why the French guns were aimed so exclusively and so impetuously at the "Little Gibraltar," which he had erected at the terminus of this promontory; but he understood the strategic demonstration well enough when, on the fall of the fort at this point, he found that the whole city of Toulon had simultaneously fallen into the hands of its captors without a further struggle.

It does not require the sagacity of a Napoleon to discover that it is to the commanding promontory occupied on the political field by the powerful combination of States which we have named, that the Democrats must look for the key of their Presidential Toulon. The fact would be of little significance if the Presidency of the United States were simply held up as the prize of a sordid ambition, but the fact becomes of profound significance when we reflect that the civic virtue and the enlightened statesmanship which alone can hope to command success at this critical point of the canvass would be sure to deserve it for the country at large.

OUR ROYAL VISITORS.

THOUGH half a dozen European sovereigns are now absent from their domains, taking advantage of an interval of

peace, to improve their minds by travel, there is no prospect that any of them will venture across the Atlantic, even for the purpose of seeing the Centennial display at Philadelphia. Royalty has never fared well on this side of the ocean. The European prince who took advantage of our civil war to set up in business on his own account as an emperor, in Mexico, came quickly to ruin, and his example is not likely to find many imitators. Perhaps this may be the reason why, after being promised princes from Italy, Spain, and Germany, with a hint that England's Queen might come to visit the possessions her ancestor lost a century ago, we are put off with one solitary prince from Sweden. If it were not for the fact that a real live emperor from Brazil is at this moment on his way to our city, we might almost feel disconsolate and refuse to be comforted.

Perhaps, however, it is a good providence that selects the two royal personages who are to honor the Centennial celebration with their presence. Brazil's Emperor is man of most democratic tastes. In this New World he has outgrown the prejudices that hung around his family, and has shown himself in all respects a man of the people, abreast of the times and ready for the grand future that opens to his country. He comes with no prejudices against our republican institutions, but predisposed to look with a favorable eye upon our achievements. His people have always been taught to turn to the United States as the centre of scientific and educational light in America, and it is to be hoped that he will carry back to them still more exalted ideas of the rank we hold among the civilized nations. In reaching this result, something will depend upon the manner of his public reception in this country. If he is to be hurried from town to town by festive circles of Aldermen, dined within an inch of his life by Common Councils and Boards of Freeholders, forced to review straggling armies of militia, and otherwise bored to death by petty office-holders, the effect will be fatal. A monarch of his years and dignities needs to be greeted by the gravest of our sages and the most weighty of our untitled citizens. As for young Prince Oscar, of Sweden, there is less reason for precaution. He is democratic by descent, if not by immediate birth. His ancestor, General Bernadotte, bought the throne of Sweden, after he had fought his way to the rank of Marshal in the army of the First Napoleon. The rank of his father is wrapped in obscurity, but his mother was a washerwoman. The prince who traces his ancestry to the scrubbing-board ought not to look down upon a republic where the descendants of Europe's nobility brush clothes with the sons of Europe's outcasts, and it is not at all probable that he will do so. On the other hand, no one will be likely to allude to his great-grandmother, the laundrywoman. Only it may comfort some young lady of our "upper ten" who has failed to secure Prince Oscar's hand for the dance to remember that crowns are sometimes bought and sold.

Royal visitors are no strangers to our metropolis. During the Revolutionary War the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. of England, made quite a stay here, skated with the beaux on the Collect Pond, and made furious love to one of the reigning belles. Louis Philippe, of France, when in exile, taught school in the Somerset House, and the figure of Philip of Orleans was at one time well-known on the Battery. The habits of the old "Pewter Mug" were so familiar with the stoical visage of Louis Napoleon, that they never dreamed of a chance that could raise him to the French throne. These exiles came and went unnoticed; but had they visited the United States in the splendor of the purple, their reception would have been something for the world to remember. After all, it is not the monarch so much as the novelty that attracts in this country. Jenny Lind or the Prince of Wales, Japanese Tommy or one of the Grand Dukes of Russia, King Kalakaua or Blind Tom, alike make a sensation for the hour, and then their day has passed. It is not at all probable that we shall ever take any stock in kings as a permanent investment, however wild we may be on that subject for the moment. It will be well, however, if we can moderate our usual transports and give our royal visitors such dignified greeting as becomes the Republic's anniversary.

IMMIGRATION—HEAD-MONEY.

THE United States Supreme Court has for the first time rendered a unanimous decision concerning the "head-money laws" of New York and Louisiana. The decision is equally applicable to the similar, almost identical statutes of California. In California, the evil possibilities of such legislation are shown in the foolish and cruel use of it to prevent the landing of poor, patient, industrious, thrifty Chinese immigrants, to whom, however much scorned and hated by the "hoodlums" of San Francisco, the nation is deeply indebted for the completion of the Central Pacific

Railroad and the prodigious development of the Pacific States.

In New York, on the contrary, the laws, modified from time to time, since 1824 in order to avoid constitutional objections, have been applied to a noble purpose in assisting immigrants. The good work done for the latter by the Board of Commissioners of Emigration cannot be over-estimated. This Board, by its Castle Garden arrangements, has saved the immigrants from those land-sharks, the runners, swindlers and thieves, who used to prey upon them. It has taken care of thousands of their sick and destitute on Ward's Island. It has established a Labor Bureau, which, in the hands of the Irish and German Societies, has given employment to sixteen thousand immigrants. According to the existing State laws, the owner or consignee of every emigrant vessel may commute the required \$300 bond by the payment of a head-tax on each immigrant of \$1.50. The revenue derived from levying this head-tax upon the millions of immigrants who have reached this port since the creation of the Board of Commissioners has enabled it to acquire property valued at \$1,000,000, which is, however, subject to mortgages and debts of \$300,000, and to maintain the different institutions under its care.

To continue the good work of the New York Commissioners of Emigration, and to do it even better, with less expense and circumlocution, some other means must now be devised. For the Board is virtually dissolved by the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court. The full text of this important decision demonstrates and distinctly proclaims the unconstitutionality of the head-money tax. The statute by authority of which this tax has been collected is pronounced "unconstitutional and void, because it is a regulation of commerce, forbidden to the States." The Supreme Court declares that a regulation which imposes onerous, perhaps impossible conditions on those engaged in active commerce with foreign nations, must of necessity be national in its character. It is more than this, for it may properly be called international. The opinion of the Court is that the whole subject has been confided to Congress by the Constitution; and that Congress, by providing a system of laws applicable to all ports and to all vessels, may effectually and satisfactorily settle a serious question which has long been a matter of contest and complaint.

In view of the probable effect of this Supreme Court decision upon the very existence of the New York Board of Emigration, and in view of the certain sufferings to which, during the coming season, immigrants must be exposed in the absence of wonted provisions for their relief and aid, immediate steps should be taken to avert threatening danger and difficulty. The Commissioners of Emigration have promptly presented to Governor Tilden a memorial setting forth the imperative need of legislative action in consequence of the decision of the Supreme Court. In their opinion a State law is necessary, at least for the present, which shall make an appropriation to pay the actual debts of the Commission and to meet the expenses of continuing it in its present shape and with its present power as to its institution on Ward's Island, and its landing-depot, where the immigrant can be taken care of and protected against the wiles, impositions and outrages of boarding-house runners and swindlers. The inspection laws of the State can probably be made to cover the latter requirement. A special message from the Governor on the whole subject will soon be sent to the Legislature. As speedily as possible Congress should pass an Act organizing and setting in operation a National Bureau of Immigration; while State legislatures should enact and enforce indispensable supplementary laws which shall meet local requirements without encroaching upon the prerogatives of the Federal Government and, especially without checking that mighty, fertilizing flood of immigration which has been pouring in upon the United States from every country in the world. So long ago as in 1780 Thomas Powell, English statesman and author, who was successively Governor of Massachusetts Bay, New Jersey and South Carolina, predicted that "a thousand attractive motives will become the irresistible cause of an almost general emigration to the New World," and that "many of the most useful, enterprising spirits, and much of the active property, will go there also." Count d'Aranda, the foremost Spanish statesman and diplomatist of his day, made a similar prediction after signing the Treaty of Paris, of 1783: "Liberty of conscience, the facility for establishing a new population on immense lands, as well as the advantages of the new government, will draw thither agriculturalists and artisans from all nations; for men always run after fortune." Both these predictions, which the late Charles Sumner recorded in his remarkable monograph, "Prophetic Voices about America," have been fulfilled and surpassed. But the fortune which immigrants to this country have run after and

overtaken—themselves, to a great amount, the wealth which they sought—would have eluded their grasp—they could not even have stretched out their arms towards it—had there always prevailed such a petty, obstructive policy as that indicated by the unconstitutional head-money tax and other similar restrictions. By the abolition of the tax, New York city will win at least one immediate advantage: it will be restored to equality in this respect with the ports of Boston and Philadelphia, where no such tax is levied.

THE CENTENNIAL JUDGES.

THE eminent men who are to sit in judgment upon the products of the world as exhibited in Philadelphia have a task to perform which may well occasion them to hesitate before they accept the responsible positions to which they are called by the Commissioners. The labor of passing in review the evidences of the recent great progress in the application of science to the arts, although divided up and parceled among one hundred experts, still leaves a heavy piece of work for each one to perform, if he does his duty well, and attempts to exhaust the subject. It would be a cheering fact, if it were not a melancholy one, for the citizens of this country to know that more than a thousand persons have tendered their services to the Commissioners to act as judges in the forthcoming Exhibition, and many of them have not even indicated a preference for any particular branch upon which to confine their services—the inference being that they are equally unfit for all of them, and that it could therefore make no difference in which particular group they disgraced themselves and dishonored their country. It is evident from the number of applicants that the duties to be performed by the judges are not popularly understood; it is safe to presume that if they were, many candidates would have hesitated before offering their services. It may be well, therefore, to state briefly what we suppose to be the peculiar function of the judges. In the first place, it is important to state that one hundred men from the United States and one hundred from the rest of the world are to be appointed judges of the Exhibition. They constitute a high court of awards, and are in no sense a jury. We have become so accustomed to the jury system in all our fairs, that we can think of no other way of arriving at a knowledge of the best articles exhibited, and of conferring graded prizes. The gentlemen who are now to serve are the court itself, and not the jury. The "intelligent jury" is dispensed with, and the court in chambers listens to all the evidence, gathers all the facts, searches every authority bearing on the case, and then writes an elaborate opinion reviewing all the testimony, and all previous decisions, which have been rendered on similar occasions. It is evident that no one but a first-class expert ought to receive an election to such a bench, and it would be quite as inappropriate for a man to be appointed a judge of one of our Courts who had never read law, and could not write an intelligent opinion, as for any one to seek a place on the high court of awards at Philadelphia, who had not carefully studied the group in which he aspired to act as a judge. The qualifications of a good judge of awards are twofold—first, a thorough practical knowledge of the branch in which he is appointed, and secondly, literary ability to write what he knows. It is this latter qualification which is too often wanting in some of our best practical men, and the necessity of combining the two requisites has rendered the choice of suitable judges much more difficult. The power of expression is very distinct from inventive genius, and it is not often that we find the two united in one person. We remember a notable instance in our country where a man who could not write a single sentence grammatically was yet so great an inventor of philosophical instruments that he was elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences. He sent a letter of thanks, written in very bad English, accompanied by the best instrument for testing the accuracy of standard measures that had ever been invented. He could not, however, have served as a judge in Philadelphia for want of literary training.

The function of the judges is to select, or have assigned to them, some specialty of the Exhibition. They will then visit the buildings every day, and put themselves into communication with the exhibitors in their departments. They will examine and note every article shown; will study its positive merit, and will compare it in their own minds with the same class of products as shown on former occasions, as well as at the present Exhibition. When they sit down to write their reports they will naturally give a historical sketch of the rise and progress of the industry in question, tracing it through all its stages of difficult development until it attained the high perfection of the present century. In the writing of such a report, a great familiarity with the literature of the subject is indispensable, and it will be necessary for the judges to have recourse to the best technical libraries in the land before they finish their arduous labors. It would, in fact, be well if a reference library could be brought together in the Judges' Pavilion for the preliminary assistance of the two hundred men who are to have

their headquarters in it. They will have frequent occasion to refresh their memories on many points, and in exact sciences it is impossible for anybody to carry the whole subject in his mind. How to classify the products of the whole world into one hundred logical groups is a question very difficult to decide. We understand that the Commissioners have given the subject the most careful study, aided by the best advice they could obtain. They can only aim at an approximation, and after the judges are appointed, must leave the adjustment of details to them. The one hundred judges will be better able to apportion all the topics to be discussed by them according to their own preferences and ability than any one can cut out the work for them. A rough classification of the topics is all that the Commissioners require to enable them to make their appointments. After the judges assemble in Philadelphia, they will meet for organization in the handsome building erected for their use, and under the able presidency of Dr. Stillé, the present Chief of the Bureau of Awards, they will have no difficulty in adjusting the work each one is to perform. We have endeavored to make it clear that the jury system is abolished, and that a high court of awards is substituted in its place. The opinions of the judges in this court will be given in the shape of two hundred independent publications written in English, and prepared by scientists of the highest character. Wherever the subject admits of illustration, wood-cuts will be freely used, and the complete work will constitute a cyclopedia of knowledge such as has not been produced on any former occasion. The function of the judges is a difficult one, and we hope the American branch will acquit itself in a manner worthy of the country.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING APRIL 8, 1876.

Monday.....113½ @ 113½	Thursday.....112½ @ 113
Tuesday.....112½ @ 113½	Friday.....112½ @ 113½
Wednesday.....112½	Saturday.....113 @ 113½

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE EMMA MINE.—General Schenck is making a sturdy fight before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. He utterly denies the allegations of Lyons, and has introduced testimony to show that the only reasons why the Emma Mine has ceased to be productive are bad management and want of exploration.

A JUST MEASURE.—The Bill restoring the soldiers of the War of 1812 who were struck from the pension lists on account of the rebellion, and somewhat enlarging the provisions of the original Act granting pensions for service in 1812, has been passed by the House. The restored rebels are all very old and poor and number only 120, and their entire allowance will not exceed \$9,120.

CONNECTICUT.—The Democratic majority in the State in 1875 was nearly 7,000, and this year it is only about 3,000. The credit for the decrease, however, is not due to the Republicans, as the relative strength of the two parties in the State is virtually unchanged. The finance question was the issue at the election of the 3d inst., and the result indicates the existence of a strong party favoring inflation, which may impede the efforts of the Democracy in that section in next Fall's campaign.

AN UNEXPECTED COMPLICATION.—The St. Louis whisky convict McKee, is applying for a new trial on the ground that he was convicted on a copy of his indictment, and not on the original. Should the Court decide the point well taken, it will compel General Babcock to undergo a new trial also, as only a copy was used in his case. How the ex-private secretary would fare in the event of a re-investigation is an open question. There are certainly fewer people who believe him innocent to-day than there were while the prosecution was doing its utmost to convict him.

THE IMPEACHMENT.—The following parts have been assigned to the managers in the impeachment trial of W. W. Belknap before the Senate: On rules—Representatives Knott, Lynde, Jenks and Hoar; on pleadings—Representatives Knott, McMahon, Lynde, and Jenks; on the jurisdiction of the Senate—Representatives Lord, Knott, and Hoar; on the preparation for the trial of fact and examination of witnesses—Representatives Lynde, Jenks, and McMahon; on the final submission—Representatives Lord, Knott, and Lapham. The opening will be by Mr. Lynde. Each manager is to sum up the case if permitted, or each may hand in and have printed with the proceedings his argument.

SCHENCK'S SUCCESSOR.—After all, the Senate refused to confirm the nomination of R. H. Dana, Jr., to the vacant English ministry. The question came to a final vote on the 4th inst., and the one decent nomination with which the Administration had sought to illuminate its scant remaining days was repudiated in the Republican Senate by a vote of 35 to 17—the latter figures representing 12 Republicans and 5 Democrats. The most remarkable feature of the matter is that in thus stultifying itself the Senate was not even pretending to maintain any particular national principle, but was simply lending itself to the gratification of the private vengeance of a couple of individuals scarcely entitled to the recognition of that body. And the upshot of it is that while the nation is insulted by this repudiation, the person least injured is Mr. Dana himself. The President has not yet made any new nomination.

DOM PEDRO.—The Emperor of Brazil was at Para, April 7th, on his way to this country, and will be due at New York some time between the 15th and 20th. Extensive preparations were in contemplation for his reception here, but the Emperor has sent word in advance that he desires to

visit the United States strictly as a private citizen, and hopes to be spared the formality of a public reception. The Board of Aldermen, however, have determined to get up some sort of an entertainment for him, and a number of our wealthy citizens have organized themselves into a committee of escort for the purpose of showing him the noteworthy things of the metropolis. According to the present programme, Dom Pedro will, soon after his arrival, proceed to California, leaving the Empress here, and will not accept any public demonstrations until he starts eastward again across the continent.

NEWSPAPER LIGHTS.—Every sensible observer of the tendency of the times will acknowledge that the occasional lapses of our enterprising newspapers into license are far more than atoned for by the exposures they are constantly effecting of hidden wrong and misdoing. How far our legislators as well as our investigating committees are aided in the fulfillment of their functions by the intelligent advice they receive from journalists of various degrees can only be conjectured, but the limit is not narrow. Congress recently asked Secretary Bristow, by resolution, whether any money had been paid to persons connected with newspapers for services in detecting and punishing the Western whisky thieves. Mr. Bristow replied that he had on one occasion employed a St. Louis reporter, and he found him so efficient that he gave him an appointment in the revenue department. In that case, at least, fitness and not politics, decided a man's establishment in office.

A NEW PHASE.—The colored voters in the South are about to take a new departure. A Colored National Convention was held at Nashville, April 5th, in which it was made evident that the black men are awakening to a sense of their real position in politics. The disappointed Pinchback said that they were beginning to think for themselves, and that they would never again vote the Republican ticket in a solid column, as heretofore. No more color-line politics were wanted, but the division of parties on other than race-lines. Senator Smith also advised the blacks to make terms with their Southern white friends, and hereafter vote for honest and competent men without reference to party. The general sentiment of the Convention was that they were going for "the party that promised them the most rights and best fulfilled its promises." The rough handling the negroes have encountered during their nine years of civil privilege has evidently opened their eyes as to who are their real friends, and what are their real opportunities.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.—The decision of the United States Supreme Court, relative to immigrant head-money, discussed in our editorial columns, has given rise to a degree of excitement in California which bids fair to lead to serious results. The Chinese population along our Pacific Coast are under the management of six Chinese Companies located in San Francisco, and upon the announcement that immigrants were no longer destined to receive the organized attention which has hitherto met them on their advent to American shores, the companies sent a dispatch to China stating that their countrymen would hereafter come here at the peril of their lives. Meanwhile a monster anti-Chinese mass meeting was held on April 5th in San Francisco, attended, it is said, by 10,000 persons. The Celestials have armed themselves, and have applied to the authorities for protection, but unless wise and prudent counsels prevail, it looks as though the problem of "Chinese cheap labor" was in a fair way for being violently elucidated.

BABCOCK'S POSITION.—The low associations which the White House family have chosen to maintain during the past few years are reacting against that unlucky establishment with degrading violence. Never before has the Presidential atmosphere been so utterly contaminated with the ill-odor of base intimacies and disreputable companionship, and if the President himself is not personally involved in the wrong-doings attributed to his confidential companions, it is none the less his misfortune that it was entirely owing to the preference he has shown for the latter that such misdeeds were practicable. The once favored General Babcock seems destined to continue in a very unfavorable light before the public. His present predicament is in connection with the notorious robbery of the District Attorney's Office in Washington in 1873. Colonel Whitley, ex-Chief of the Treasury Secret Service, on April 7th swore before a Congressional Committee that he and others had blown open a safe in that office in order to abstract certain books, which they left at the house of a Mr. Alexander, in the expectation that the latter would be suspected of the burglary. Mr. Alexander was a prominent remonstrant against Babcock's engineering services in that city. Whitley swears that the whole scheme was concocted by Babcock in order to annihilate Alexander and produce letters in support of his charge. Babcock on the 8th denied the whole allegation, and as Mr. Whitley is no more trustworthy in himself than were Babcock's other confidential companions, Joyce and Bell, it remains to be seen what the letters will prove. After all, if Babcock is a villain, he has shown himself to be a very bungling one by committing himself so frequently in writing—and if he is innocent he is an extremely inadroit correspondent.

THE IMPEACHMENT.—The grave significance of the impeachment of our national servants fails to excite the interest which such a serious matter would have attracted in the better and purer days of the republic. We are growing so accustomed to hear the names of high officials bandied about daily in association with charges of base misdoing that we are becoming callous to the disgrace the nation is suffering. It is probably one of the evils attendant upon the year of a Presidential election that personal reputations must be largely exposed to the reckless attacks of political malignance, but outside of all the factitious clamor that prevails about official misfeasance it is undeniable that serious offenses against the laws have been traced directly to the doors of men whose lofty positions and reputations should have rendered them superior to corruption. Should Congress undertake the impeach-

ment of all the national officers who are credited with deeds deserving the investigation of such a tribunal, its judicial session would be prolonged until election day, if not until the reorganization of next March. That the process is a slow one our readers who bear in mind the formalities of President Johnson's impeachment will recollect. Thus far the following steps have been taken in Secretary Belknap's trial: On April 4th the Senate having announced its readiness to receive the formal announcement of the passage of the impeachment articles, the House managers proceeded unaccompanied to the Senate Chamber and read the articles. April 5th Chief Justice Waite administered the oath to the jury and the Senators, in groups of six, and the House being notified that the Senate was ready to proceed, the managers repaired to the Senate and were assigned to seats. An order was then issued to cite Mr. Belknap to appear before the bar of the Senate on Monday, April 17th, at 12.30 p.m. and the Court of Impeachment adjourned to that day and hour.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

HEAVY gales and rain-storm, April 3d.
HEAVY floods apprehended along the Mississippi River.
THE Army Headquarters ordered back to Washington.
JUDGMENT against W. M. Tweed filed for \$6,635,652.19.
TRIAL begun of Andreas Fuchs for the murder of William Simmons.
THE Beecher demurrer in the Moulton suit sustained by Judge Dykman.
THE coinage of a new silver dollar, for redeeming greenbacks, proposed.
THE New York, the New York East, and the Newark M. E. Conferences, held sessions.
SUPPLIES of gas, fuel, water, etc., cut off in the Government buildings through the country.
ALEXANDER T. STEWART, the millionaire merchant, died April 10th, at 1.45 p.m., aged seventy-three years.

THE Schenck Committee allowed General Schenck to summon witnesses from Utah in his own behalf.

WORK resumed on the New York tower of the Brooklyn Bridge. First wire to be stretched across in August.

RICHARD B. IRWIN testified concerning the \$750,000 he received from the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

THE Hempstead Reservoir (Brooklyn Water-works) declared unsafe, on account of damage done by recent storms.

EXPLOSION of four magazines, containing thirty tons of powder, in Salt Lake City, killing and wounding several persons.

INVESTIGATION of the Beecher scandal discussed by the New York and Brooklyn Congregational Ministers' Association.

THE New York Court of Appeals decided adversely to John Dolan's application for a new trial, and he is to be hung April 21st.

THE United States Senate organized as a High Court of Impeachment for the trial of ex-Secretary Belknap, and adjourned to April 17th.

LARGE anti-Chinese demonstrations in San Francisco. The Chinese citizens armed themselves, and applied to the police authorities for protection.

A COMMITTEE of representative citizens appointed in New York city to assist the Emperor of Brazil in accomplishing the objects of his visit.

THE House Committee on Military Affairs adopted unanimously the report transferring the Indian Bureau from the Interior to the War Department.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL Meigs accused of having attempted to extort money from a moth exterminator inventor. The charge was emphatically denied.

COLONEL H. C. WHITLEY before the House Judiciary Committee gave testimony directly implicating General O. E. Babcock in the safe-burglary conspiracy.

THE Republicans carried Rhode Island, but failed to elect a Governor, Mr. Lippitt having a plurality, but lacking 1,400 of a majority. The election goes to the Legislature.

THE Sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives formally cited ex-Secretary Belknap to appear before the bar of that body on the day appointed for the impeachment trial.

DOCTORS Storrs, Budington and Taylor withdrew from the Association of Congregational Ministers on account of that body's co-operation with the "Beecher Commission."

GENERAL HENDERSON, the special counsel in the St. Louis whisky trials, dismissed because of offensive language respecting the President, was examined by a House Committee relative to the influence brought to bear upon the prosecution in those trials.

Foreign.

YELLOW fever making great ravages in Brazil.
HOSTILITIES reopened between Egypt and Abyssinia.

THE French Senate adopted the Bill abolishing the state of siege.

THE British Government purposes to increase the income tax one penny per pound.

THE revolt of the North Bosnians against the Turks assumed dangerous proportions.

THIRTY persons drowned by capsizing of a ferry-boat on the Dee, at Aberdeen, Scotland.

THE annual boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge won by the latter crew by three lengths.

THE Russian press complained of Mr. Disraeli's motives for Queen Victoria adopting the title of Empress of India.

EXPLANATIONS were in progress between Berlin and Copenhagen with a view to arrive at a satisfactory basis for settling the North Sleswick question.

GENERAL SCHENCK urged a full investigation of the Emma Mine matter, claiming that it would show the absence of all fraud on the part of the directors.

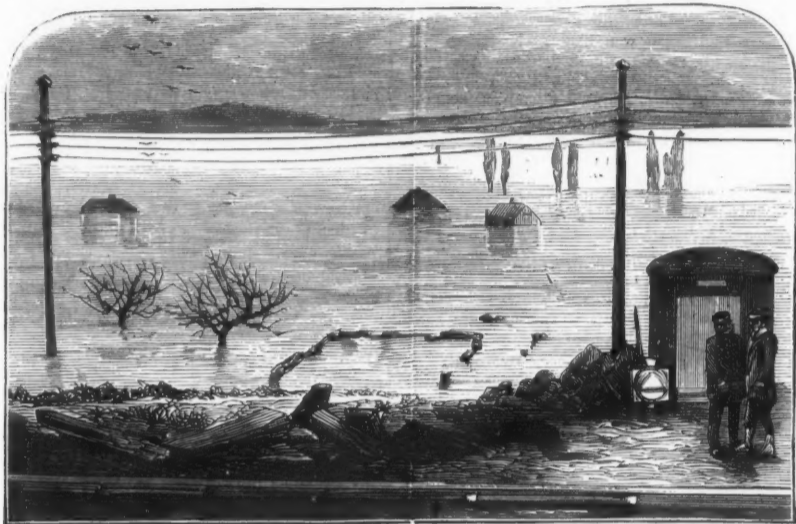
THE committee on the amnesty proposals of the French Chamber of Deputies refused to report in favor of any amnesty whatever, but decided to recommend that the Government display clemency.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury's motion for an address to the Queen praying Her Majesty not to assume the title of Empress was defeated in the British House of Lords, 137 to 91. The Royal Titles Bill then passed through the Committee.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 111.



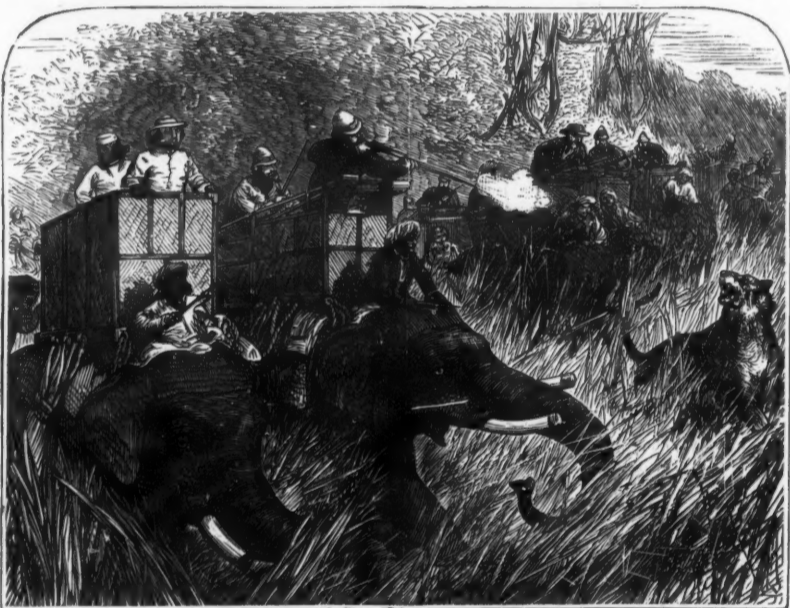
THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.—SIR JUNG BAHADOOR DIRECTING A PROCESSION OF SEVEN HUNDRED ELEPHANTS ACROSS THE SARDA, BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES.



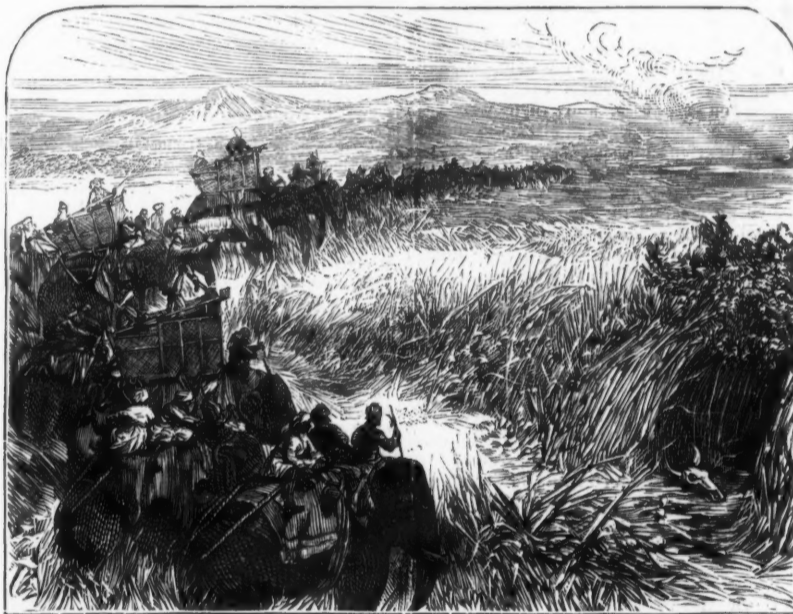
FRANCE.—THE RECENT FLOODS.—THE SEINE NEAR ST. PIERRE DU VAUVRAY.



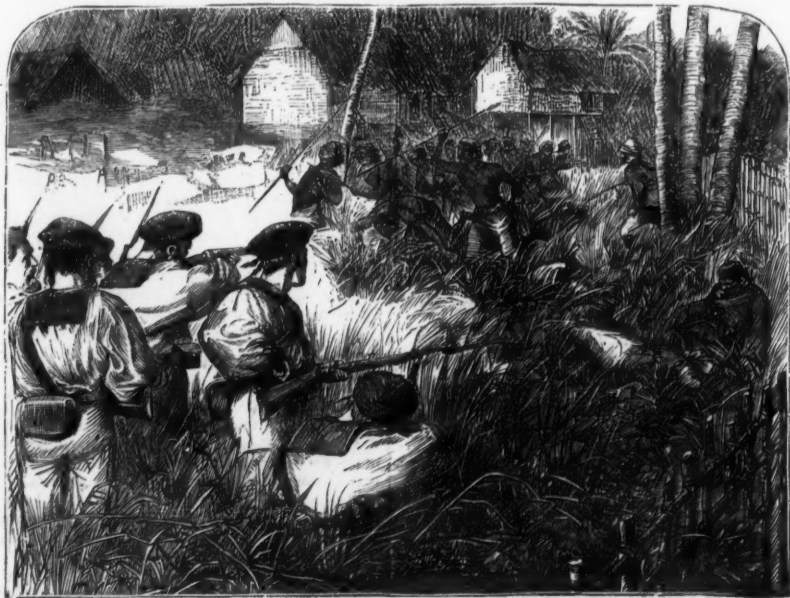
ALGIERS.—RECEPTION BY GENERAL DE FLOGNY OF THE AMBASSADOR OF MOROCCO.



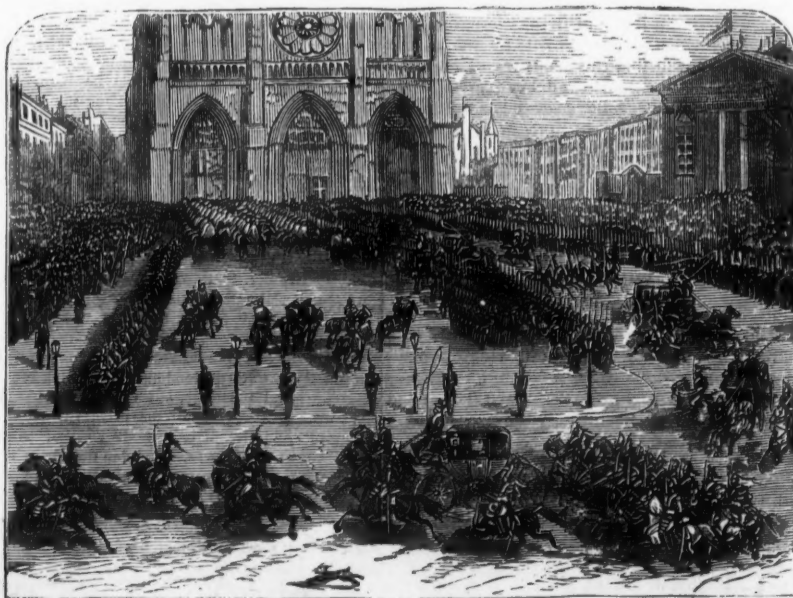
THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.—THE PRINCE OF WALES TIGER-SHOOTING WITH SIR JUNG BAHADOOR. THE CRITICAL MOMENT.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.—THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE TARAI.—BEATING THE JUNGLE.



MALACCA.—ATTACK ON THE MALAY VILLAGE OF KOTAH LAMA, ON THE PERAK RIVER.



FRANCE.—PUBLIC PRAYERS IN PARIS ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE NEW CHAMBERS.

FROM NEW YORK TO THE
CENTENNIAL.SCENES ALONG THE PENNSYLVANIA
RAILROAD.

NEXT in importance to the city of New Brunswick, which was sketched in our last issue, is that of Princeton, situated fifty-one miles from Jersey City, or three from the Junction. The city was settled about 1700, and has been a very notable place ever since. In 1757 the College of New Jersey was removed thither from Elizabeth. In January, 1777, an important battle was fought there. In 1812 the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church—of which the Rev. Dr. McCosh, of Scotland, is now the President—was established, and in the years intervening from that time until last Winter attention has been directed frequently to the city by the quarrels between the students of the Seminary and those of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, over a cannon. This trophy of the battle of Princeton has been stolen by one set of students after another, and the civil authority has had to be invoked to prevent a violent disturbance of the peace.

The main college building is called Nassau Hall, and was erected in 1756; and although twice destroyed by fire, its walls remain the same as when first dedicated to the immortal memory of King William III., a prince of the House of Nassau. When the Continental Congress was compelled, in 1783, to leave Philadelphia, it held its sessions in the library-room of this college, then located in the second story of the hall. Besides this

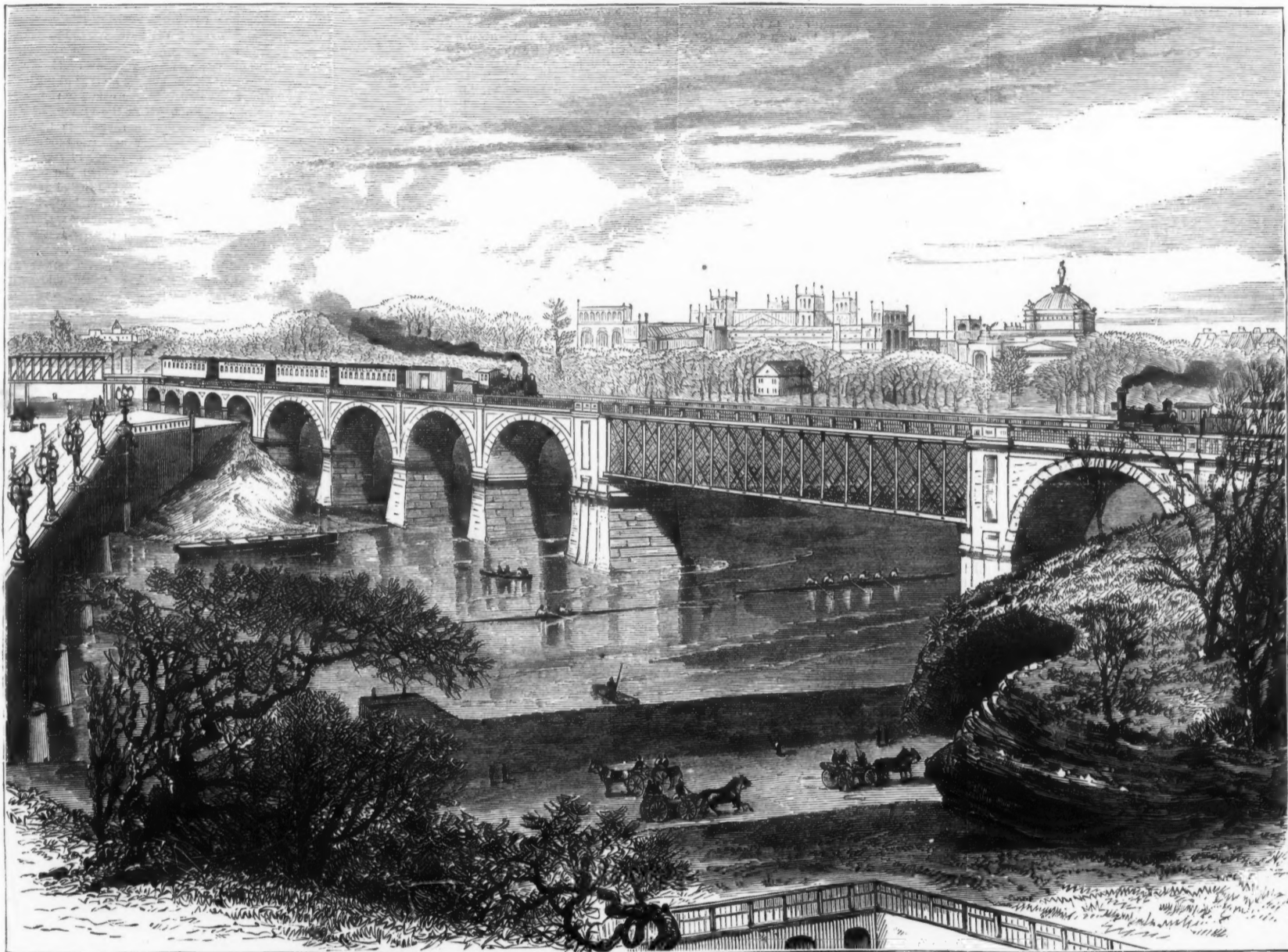


NEW JERSEY.—PRINCETON COLLEGE.

Company, and a bridge of a simple, but very substantial character, designed for railroad, wagon and pedestrian uses, thrown across the river.

Philadelphia, the second city of the United States in point of population, is ninety-six miles from the ocean. It has 8,184 manufacturing establishments requiring a capital of \$174,016,674, and a working force of 137,496 hands. While the improvements made by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at their Jersey City terminus have been on an exceedingly liberal and practical scale, those at Philadelphia are extraordinarily remarkable. Besides a mammoth and most picturesque bridge over the Schuylkill and the Girard Avenue Bridge—in crossing which the tourist obtains a capital glimpse of the Exposition Buildings—and a very imposing depot on Elm Avenue, facing the entrance to the grounds, together with a special branch line to accommodate the Centennial traffic, the Company, with a breadth of enterprise that has marked all its operations, have established a regular line of steamships plying between Philadelphia and Liverpool. There are now completed four first-class iron vessels, made entirely of American materials and by American artisans. The steamships of the American line now in service have proved themselves to be among the fastest, safest and most comfortable of ocean craft.

Philadelphia's local attractions, such as Independence Hall, the United States Mint, Moyamensing Prison, Fairmount Park, the Schuylkill Water Works, Girard College, Carpenter's Hall, the Masonic Temple, and the Museum of Natural Science, are so well-known to our



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER AT WEST PHILADELPHIA—THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS.

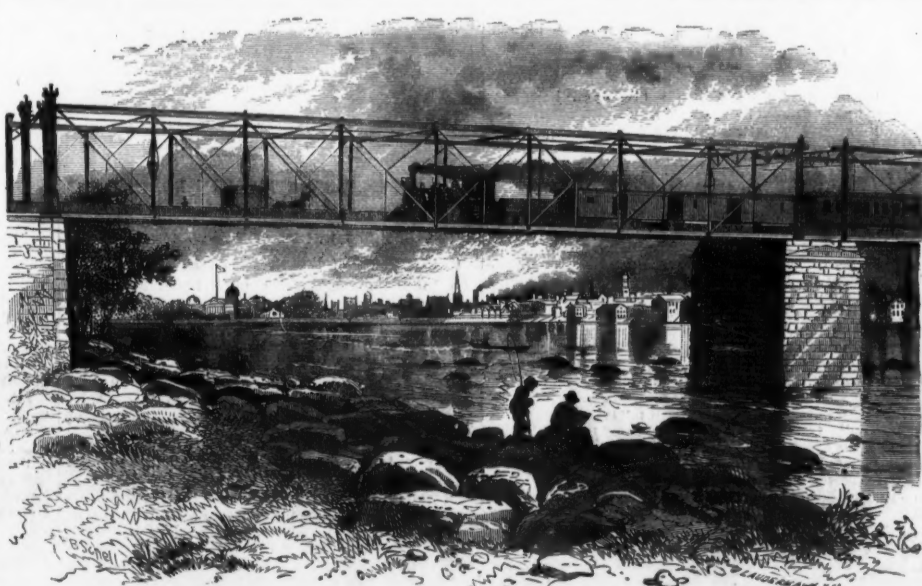
famous institution, there are three classical schools and two schools for the instruction of young ladies. The population of Princeton is nearly 3,000.

Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, is situated on the left bank of the Delaware River, fifty-seven miles from Jersey City. The first settlements were made on the site of the present city, about the year 1680. In 1770 the place was named in honor of Colonel William Trent, then Speaker of the Assembly. In 1790 it was selected as the capital of the State, and two years later it was incorporated.

On the night of the 8th of December, 1776, Washington, with his army, on the retreat after the disastrous reverses on Long Island, crossed the Delaware, from Trenton to the Pennsylvania side. The Hessians, not daring to make the attempt, went into camp on the Jersey shore. The American troops recrossed on the morning of the 26th, surprised and completely routed their opponents, and captured nearly 1,000 men.

The public offices of the United States Government were removed to Trenton during the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, in 1793, and in 1798 President Adams took up his official residence, temporarily, there.

Trenton has a population of over 23,000 and the sum of \$5,022,349 invested as capital in manufacturing establishments, giving employment to 5,100 hands. A very commodious passenger and freight depot has been erected here by the Pennsylvania Central Railroad



NEW JERSEY.—THE BRIDGE OVER THE DELAWARE RIVER AT TRENTON.

FROM NEW YORK TO THE CENTENNIAL.—SCENES ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

readers and will become so familiar to our foreign friends, that an extended description of them here would be superfluous.

The Trade in Wild Animals.

A WRITER for the *Mittheilungen des Vereins für Erkunde*, of Leipzig, has just furnished an interesting article on the wild-animal trade of Europe. He says that the whole business was formerly done by two men—one an Italian, named Casanova, and the other Charles Hogenbeck, of Hamburg. In 1862 Casanova made a treaty with the wild tribes of Taka, Africa, engaging to take all they could capture, which resulted in the purchase from them of hundreds of beasts and reptiles. These were subsequently sent to the different zoological societies of Europe, and are now on exhibition. In 1874 one M. Von Reich, of Asfeld, went to Kassala and captured and bought from the African chiefs 26 giraffes, 22 elephants, 4 Caffre buffalo, 6 rare antelopes, 2 tapirs, 2 gorillas, 5 hyenas and three leopards. Immediately afterwards Hogenbeck imported 33 giraffes, 10 apes, 10 elephants, 13 antelopes, 4 lions, 5 leopards, 4 hyenas, 5 ostriches, 8 rhinoceri and a number of huge serpents. It takes from seventy to eighty days to bring the animals from Kassala to Hamburg. From the interior of Africa to the coast they have to drive the elephants, giraffes, antelopes, buffalo, etc., on foot, fastened together with ropes and chains.

Often, through the negligence of the negro attendants, the lions and leopards get out of the cages during the transit and create a general stampede, causing loss of life and a great loss of money.

FORSAKEN.

SHE sat beside the mountain spring,
Her feet were on the water's brink;
And oft she wept when she beheld
The birds that lighted there to drink.
She wept, but as they spread their wings
Her sweet voice followed in the sky,
He will return! I know him well,
He would not leave me here to die.

And there she sat as months rolled on,
Unmindful of the changing year;
She heeded not the snow and rain,
All seasons were the same to her.
She looked upon the frozen stream,
She listened to the night-bird's cry,
He will return! I know him well,
He would not leave me here to die.

He never came! In vain she watched,
And dressed the gold drips of her hair;
Red berries for a bridal crown
She places every morning there.
At every shadow on the grass
She starts, and murmurs with a sigh,
He will return! I know him well,
He would not leave me here to die.

A PETTICOAT INTRIGUE.

A PERIOD of the last century bears in history the name of the Period of the Adventurers. It comprises the epoch when Elizabeth of Parma, Princess Orsini, Alberoni, Ripperda, and people of a similar stamp, kept the world in suspense, and made far more important changes in the map of Europe than in our age can be effected with far greater resources. The whole of the last century continued to work with adventurous means. Through annoyance at the paltry intrigues which were drawn round his policy like spider-webs, until he cut them with his sword, Frederick the Great christened his enemies Petticoats, and numbered them Cotillon I. II. and III. When Cotillon I. (Maria Theresa) had succeeded in winning over Cotillon II. (Elizabeth of Russia) and Cotillon III. (Madame de Pompadour), the great king of Prussia was driven to the very brink of the abyss.

Kaunitz was sent to Paris, in order to gain over the French court for an Austrian alliance. The clever diplomatist ostensibly ignored politics entirely, formed the acquaintance of *beaux esprits* and artists, and constantly kept himself before the public in one way or the other. He was imperceptibly conveyed by the little waves of gossip to the throne, and then he began his game, which consisted in nothing less than doing homage to the Pompadour in the way she liked best, and amusing the wearied king better than any one else could do it. One fine day, however, it happened that he was as little heeded as if he were living in a Trappist monastery or among the Otaheiteans. A delicious mystery, a Russian woman of marvelous beauty, occupied the court and the king more especially. She seemed to have come to the world's capital in order to live there more solitary than on a steppe of Southern Russia. She occupied a ruined castle in the neighborhood of Paris, which had been magnificently fitted up for her, but to which no one was admitted. At times a wild team of Russian horses flew through the Champs Elysees, or a tall lady appeared at a masked ball, so disguised that little was visible of her beyond her eyes, which discharged from behind her velvet mask glances like death's arrows. When Richelieu had reported, in a hunt in the forest of Sennart, the little he knew about the Russian, the king was inflamed with curiosity to learn more. From this time the favorite, only accompanied by one servant, rode daily round the mysterious castle, but could discover nothing. A charcoal-burner in the adjoining forest had once been led into the castle, foreign-looking men conveyed him through the forest with bandaged eyes, and it seemed to him as if he went downwards and passed through hollow, damp passages. His bandage was removed in a turret-shaped vault. He was asked whether he would remain in the lady's service, but he shuddered at the gloomy, damp spot, and returned to daylight by the same route. The charcoal-burner, however, was unable to tell Richelieu where the entrance to the castle was; he merely pointed to the ground, and seemed to wish the duke to understand that a secret subterranean passage led into the building. Richelieu at length formed a resolution to watch the castle from one sunset to the next. In the forest he gave his horse to his servant, and sent him away. The duke waited for nightfall at the charcoal-burner's fire.

The full moon favored the adventure. At about midnight it emerged from the clouds, and threw a pale shimmer over the gray walls and towers of the building. The duke took a burning log from the charcoal-burner's fire, and lighted himself by its means through the forest. Then he threw it away, and ascended the gentle elevation to the building. Everything was silent in the castle. A few stones stood out from the wall, and Richelieu attempted to clamber up them, but did not get very high. Whenever the attempt failed, however, he repeated it, until a merry laugh rang out above his head. He looked up in surprise, and saw a dark form bending down towards him; the duke laid hand on his sword. "Leave your weapon in its sheath, and go to bed yourself," a rich, wonderful woman's voice cried to him. "Here there are no victories to be gained, either in the battlefield, in a duel, or in a boudoir; so go to bed. Go to bed, Richelieu."

Days passed away, and the delicious enigma was not solved. The mysterious chateau of the Russian lady extended in gloomy monotony over the larger portion of a slight elevation, at the base of which lay a dry sandy plain. In the direction of Paris it was bounded by a thick wood close at hand, but on all the others, and at a greater distance, by farms and villages. The road which formerly led to the majestic edifice now ran into a deep swampy rut. No sound of a carriage, no mark of a hoof or a foot, now showed it to be a human track. The bushes, which advanced beyond the forest, as it were like videttes, shook with amazement in the Spring breeze when two horsemen emerged in the morning light and tried to reach the old road. Was there war in the land, a garrison in the castle, or had a hostile camp been formed behind the forest? According to their garb, the horsemen were bearers of a flag of truce. Their clothes had a military cut, and they were armed with swords and pistols. One of them carried a large white flag, supported on the saddle-bow, while on the shoulder of the other hung the cavalry bugle of those days. From time to time he raised the massive instrument to his lips and blew a tremendous blast, while the other waved his flag simultaneously, as if to protect themselves from a hostile attack or shots.

They halted at the foot of the hill on which the castle stood. The trumpeter blew thrice. Not a sound was heard in reply, no form became visible, the castle and neighborhood remained solitary, deserted, silent as before. The horseman with the flag shook his head. The trumpet rang out again thrice. Then the flag-bearer drew a large folded paper from his breast, spread out a species of gigantic proclamation on his horse's neck, and read aloud a declaration of war in the most tender verses. In the name of the Duke de Richelieu and seventeen other cavaliers, whom he solemnly rehearsed, he declared war against the goddess of Love, who had descended from Olympus, and held her court in this mysterious castle, until she hoisted the white flag, or made the duke and his allies her prisoners. After this the horsemen galloped round the castle, and blew their horns, and read the declaration from the four cardinal points of the compass. Everything remained silent, however. The flag-bearer, greatly annoyed, turned his horse and galloped back to Paris, followed by the trumpeter.

After sunset a troop of horsemen were encamped on the skirt of the forest, looking towards Paris. They were young gentlemen belonging to the court and garde of Louis XV., all splendidly dressed, armed with swords and pistols, and wearing bright red scarfs as a badge of recognition. Some were engaged in drawing withered branches, brushwood, and even whole saplings, to a huge fire; while others were unloading a mule, on whose back all the dainties of a French vivandiere tent were packed. A cask was speedily rolled up and tapped, and the filled glasses were clinked together amid singing and toasts. Others still arrived singly, and were greeted with cries of joy. They dismounted and attached their horses to some branch. A young lieutenant, the Marquis de Chauvelin, amused the company by counting them over whenever a newcomer arrived. At length he arrived at the result that they were all present except their leader, the Duke de Richelieu. It had grown almost dark, and only a few stars stood in the heavens, when two horsemen slowly approached the bivouac-fire from the direction of Paris. No sooner did Chauvelin notice them, than he alarmed the whole troop. "Two horsemen!" he cried: "that is contrary to the agreement. The number is full; it is not the duke, for he will come alone." He quickly leaped into his saddle and galloped to meet them. When twenty paces distant he pulled up his horse, cocked a pistol, and challenged them. A loud laugh from Richelieu answered this manoeuvre. Chauvelin bowed politely. "Are you assembled?" the duke asked. The officer bowed. "We were only waiting for you to begin the campaign. But who is your friend?" he asked, pointing to the duke's companion. "The man with the iron mask," Richelieu laughingly replied.

As they rode together towards the forest, Chauvelin noticed that Richelieu's companion wore a black velvet mask. With this exception, there was nothing remarkable about his appearance. He seemed a powerful man, and was dressed in an elegant black suit and horseman's boots. On his black hat was a bright red bow, and he wore the scarf distinguishing the whole troop. When they approached the fire, he kept behind and a little apart, while Richelieu dashed up, accompanied by Chauvelin. The cavaliers surrounded the duke with shouts, lifted him off his horse, carried him in their arms with a wild laughing tumult round the fire, and seated him on the wine-cask. "First a glass of wine," Richelieu cried, "and then the war-subordination commences." He emptied the glass which one of the gentlemen handed him, had it filled again, and carried to the man in the mask. The latter, however, declined it, and the duke, consequently, emptied it himself. The cavaliers, in the meanwhile, were gazing with some curiosity at the mysterious horseman, but Richelieu allowed them no time to do so. "To horse!" he commanded. In an instant the troop were mounted, and drew up in two lines. "Count Tourville," the duke said, "you will form an advanced post with two gentlemen. You will ride round the castle and signal to us whatever may happen. Prince Conti, you will post yourself with another gentleman on the skirt of the forest, and cover our rear; and now, gentlemen, forward!"

Tourville galloped ahead with his companions and carried out the duke's commands. Richelieu, who had again been joined by the mysterious horseman, placed himself at the head of the main body, and led it against the castle, while Conti followed slowly and stopped in observation on the forest edge. Richelieu was just riding round the swamp into which the road ran, when Tourville came back at a gallop.

"They are stirring on the walls," he shouted. "Men are running up and down: it will be earnest."

The duke waved his hat joyfully. "All the better! the adventure is perfect. To your post, Tourville," he commanded.

The count returned, and the duke shouted, "Dismount!" The cavaliers leaped from their steeds and fastened them to the willows which spread out their withered branches over the swamp. "Forward!"

They crept up the mound to the castle, Richelieu and the man with the mask in front, the rest in open order. Suddenly the sound of a galloping horse was heard, and Tourville dashed up. "Duke," he cried, "this is getting beyond a joke; they are mounting guns on the walls."

"Back!" Richelieu commanded. The cavaliers hurried to the hollow, where they were hidden from the castle, and collected again near the willows. "They have artillery," Tourville repeated.

"Nonsense! they will not fire upon harmless revelers," Chauvelin objected. "They take us for robbers," Tourville was of opinion.

"Suppose they fire," others shouted; and a cry of "A flag of truce!" was repeated on all sides. "Advance, trumpeter!" the duke said. "I will read the declaration of war once again!"

Accompanied by the trumpeter, he hurried up the hill: on the walls he now distinctly saw the outlines of human forms planting guns, and pointing them down the hill. At the foot of the walls the trumpet was blown thrice, and the declaration of war read, but Richelieu received no answer, and the spectral, menacing movement on the walls continued. The duke returned to his band. "What is to be done?" he asked. "I expect she is not in the castle, and her besotted serfs will blow us away with their guns like Summer flies."

"To horse!" some shouted; "let us return to Paris." Others caught hold of their reins. In the midst of this tumult Richelieu's voice could be heard: "We will not fly! Shall the nobles of France be intimidated by a couple of cannon? We are here, so let us advance."

"Victory or death!" shouted Chauvelin. And the cavaliers burst into a peal of laughter. The enthusiastic lieutenant turned away at this insult, and sharpened his sword-blade on the sole of his boot. After the duke had attempted in vain to make the man in the mask retire, he asked whether the pistols were loaded. "As you ordered," said Chauvelin, "one with bullet, the other blank."

"Very good, now advance!"

The cavaliers crept up the hill, covered by bushes and hollows in the ground, as far as possible. Presently they stopped, and Chauvelin alone crawled along the ground. He reached the wall, and climbed up unnoticed, putting his feet and hands into holes where stones had fallen out. When near the embrasure, he produced a rope-ladder, fastened it to a projecting stone, and let it fall down. At the same instant Richelieu leaped up and waved his sword. The cavaliers did the same, and rushed towards the castle with the shout of "Notre Dame!" This was the moment when they expected to be received with a salvo, but the castle guns were silent. The cavaliers reached the wall; some climbed up the rope-ladder, while others tried to ascend by the help of the holes. The head of Richelieu, Chauvelin, and the man in the mask were already raised above the parapet, when there was a flash from the castle-keep: Bengal lights blazed along the walls, and it lit the country for a long distance. Masked men filled the bastion; the guns were rolled up to the embrasure, and just as Richelieu stood on the wall and put a foot on the nearest gun, a full salvo was discharged at the assailants. A wild cry from the wounded and the dead, as it seemed, rang through the air. Then came noisy shouts of laughter, and then again a yell from dripping-wet, plashing, half-drowned men—not bullets, but dense streams of icy water from upwards of a dozen immense fire engines received the cavaliers, and produced a really annihilating effect upon them. Here flew away a hat, there a sword; one fell off a ladder, and carried two others with him. In vain did Richelieu and Chauvelin attack the enginemen with the flat of their swords—in vain did the man in the mask leap on a captured gun and try to defend it against the garrison. Others advanced with hand-squirts, and completed the victory by their musketry fire.

The cavaliers fled, laughing, cursing, and yelling. Those who had scaled the wall were compelled to follow, if they did not wish to be captured. They rushed, followed by the salvos of the engines, down the hill to the hollow, where they arrived dripping and shivering. "There is nothing to be done," shouted the duke, "but to blow the retreat." The trumpet rang out, every one tried to gain his saddle, while peals of laughter rang from the walls. Tourville and Conti joined the dripping army, and followed for a long distance by the laughter of the victors, they galloped back to Paris.

On the morning after the unsuccessful attack on the mysterious castle, the Duke de Richelieu appeared in the king's ante-chamber, and was not admitted. This had never happened to him before. He asked almost violently for the reason, and the chamberlain on duty declared, with a shrug of the shoulders, that his majesty was very poorly. Richelieu was obliged to content himself with this. But on the following day, too, the king's door was closed against him. He appeared to yield to his fate, and the report soon spread that the duke was ill. A court gentleman called twice a day to inquire into his health, and at last the king expressed a wish to see him. On the next day the duke had quite recovered, and when he appeared at Versailles the page hastened to open the royal apartments to him.

"Well, what is the matter with you?" Louis XV. cried to him as he entered.

"Well, what is the matter with you, sire?" Richelieu asked, as he gazed at the king in amazement.

Louis was seated in an armchair in a costly dressing-gown of Oriental fabric, with thick silk handkerchiefs bound round his neck and head. It produced the impression of an old woman rather than of a king of France, the ally of the great Frederick.

"There—there," the king said, in a sort of hoarse chant—"it strikes there." And he pointed to his head, neck and chest.

"What, sire?"

"The cold; do you not hear it?" He tried several times to cough violently while looking at the duke, and shaking his head sadly. "Yes, yes"—here he wrapped himself up still more tightly in his dressing-gown, and continued, in a complaining voice—"that is what I got by following you. You are the seducer, and I am the victim." And here the king coughed again violently.

"Sire," the duke answered, "we are all victims of the fire-engines. In the halls of Versailles, on guard, and on the parade-ground, everybody is coughing. Everybody is hoarse, and young gentlemen call the illness the Russian cough."

"Not bad," said Louis XV. "But what good is it to me? I am utterly destroyed for several weeks; I must keep my room, and I am utterly ennuied. I do not wish to see you. Kaunitz is ill, the marquise is ill; and do you know why, Richelieu? She wishes to punish me for my adventure. My condition betrayed me. Now she believes more than did happen, or was intended to happen. She behaves as if she detected me in an infidelity."

"You were not very far from it, either." The king had a tremendous fit of coughing, and wrung his hands with a glance at heaven. "Mon Dieu! I unfaithful!" he cried, as loudly as if he knew the marquise was listening at the door. "But the scandalous cold. I tremble with fury when I think that millions are going about who have no cold, and that all the trouble was in vain. Oh! the world is growing worse daily; the men are suffering from colds in the head, and the women from virtue."

The adventure, however, was fated to cost France more than a royal cold. The Russian lady was an agent of her empress, and recommended in this strange way, she carried through, with Kaunitz's assistance, the alliance of the three "Petticoats" against Frederick the Great.

THE INSURRECTION IN MEXICO.

CAPTURE OF MATAMORAS BY INSURGENT FORCES UNDER GENERAL DIAZ.

A PORTION of the Mexican territory is now in the incipient stage of a revolution. For more than a year General Porfirio Diaz, aided very materially by General Manuel Gonzalez, has been preparing for a rising to secure for himself the Presidency of the Republic. About five o'clock on the morning of April 2d, General Toledo took a company of soldiers from their barracks in Matamoras and marched out of the city to reconnoitre the adjacent country, evidences having been received of the approach of Diaz. While so engaged, a column of cavalry belonging to the insurgents' force quietly passed between him and the city, and the main body of Diaz's army marched upon the works at the upper end of the city. Instead of risking a defense, the Government troops joined the invaders, their commander, General Lebarra firing his revolver in the air and retreating with a body-guard of twenty men to the river-bank. Without the loss of a single man, or the firing of a single gun, Diaz took possession of Matamoras, capturing 530

men, 712 stand of small arms, and 17 pieces of heavy artillery.

Subsequent dispatches reported that, as soon as he got beyond the limits of the city, General Toledo gave in his adhesion, and thus swelled Diaz's force to 1,000 men. Colonels Parrott and Cristo, holding two small forts, at first refused to surrender, and the latter repulsed an assault, but when he was informed that General Lebarra had given up, and was "interned" in Fort Brown, on the Texas side, he offered his sword to Diaz, and added about 300 men to the insurgents' forces.

Several dispatches were forwarded by Commander Johnson, of the United States steamer *Rio Bravo*, to the Secretary of the Navy before and after the surrender of the city. He announced that he was in a position to effectually use all the force at his command; and from another source it appeared that he had tied his vessel to the Mexican bank. General Diaz prepared a communication to General Potter, commander of the American forces, demanding the removal of the gunboat from before the city, but there is no evidence that the letter was sent. Commander Johnson was directed to co-operate with the United States Consul at Brownsville, Tex. General Diaz proposes to make Matamoras his headquarters until his way is opened to Mexico city. If the Central States do not unite with the Northern ones in the revolution, there is some probability that the republic will be divided, and a new one established, with Matamoras as its capital.

THE HASTINGS SYSTEM

(OPERATING THE CONNELLY PATENTS) FOR ANNIHILATING FIRES.

OUR engravings on page 117 represent the Connelly Fire Apparatus, as exhibited at Fifty-ninth Street and Eleventh Avenue, this city, by the Messrs. Hastings, of Pittsburgh, Pa. The tests were so exceptionally severe as to approach in magnitude good-sized conflagrations. The main features of the invention are the storing of purified carbonic acid gas under pressure in any required quantity, and improvements in the system of delivering it on a fire. One cut represents the apparatus, consisting of carbonic acid gas generator, eight gas-receivers (lap-weld tubes), 16 feet long and 14 inches in diameter, in which the gas is stored under a pressure of from 300 to 400 pounds to the square inch; and three water-holders, 3 feet in diameter and 10 feet high, containing water impregnated with gas, under the gas pressure; all connected with necessary pipes and hose.

Another shows the extinguisher, as a battery of eight cylinders, charged with carbonic acid gas, under pressure of 300 to 400 pounds on the square inch. This is to be operated in connection with the regular steam fire-engine, or by an attachment of its own hose to the city water-main; the pressure of the gas alone being sufficient to throw the commingled gas and water as far as any steam fire-engine. The connection between the battery and water-hose may be made at any point, and the gas not only adds great additional power to the discharge, but as a matter of scientific fact increases its efficiency in the extinguishment of fire tenfold.

A third cut represents a tank, 20 by 30 feet, containing crude petroleum. The gas is delivered on the burning oil through pipes on the sides of the tank, having tubes for the escape and distribution of the gas at intervals of six inches. Pure dry gas alone is used on oil fires.

In another illustration is seen a pile of 225 barrels of resin (skimmings) and pine-timber, saturated with crude petroleum. Gas and water, commingled by being thrown together, are used to extinguish fires of this class. In the same cut also is seen a pile of pine-timber, shavings, skimmings, etc., saturated with coal-oil, surmounted by two barrels full of crude petroleum. The apparatus is adapted to oil tanks by adjustable pipes, resting on metallic floats, that rise and fall with the varying level of the oil, always ready for instant use.

The following results were witnessed by our reporter: The tank of burning crude petroleum, containing a surface of 600 square feet, was set on fire, and in an instant the flames and smoke shot fiercely skyward, and, intensified by a high wind, diffused an intense heat, driving back the spectators. At a given signal the valves were turned, letting on the gas, which instantly extinguished the flames, the time consumed being less than three seconds. The fire was so quickly extinguished that a repetition was requested and given, with like result, exciting applause from the spectators. The pile of resin-barrels was next fired, and allowed to burn until completely enveloped in flames. A strong wind was blowing from the west; the flames roared, and dense volumes of unconsumed carbon floated eastward over the city. To extinguish this fire, water and gas were both used—that is, water permeated with carbonic acid gas. It was applied through two lines of hose, and in fifteen seconds the great mass was under control, and completely extinguished in less than three minutes.

Upon a pile of lumber, about fourteen feet long and five feet high and five feet wide, were placed two barrels of petroleum, side by side. The timber was saturated with oil. The torch was applied, and when the whole mass was thoroughly ignited, the head of one of the barrels was knocked in, letting the contents flow over the seething fire. By this time the barrels were charred almost through. The test was to save the other barrel. As soon as the head was driven in, two streams of water and gas commingled were turned on, and in less than a minute the flames were subdued, leaving a pile of blackened timbers, with the barrel of petroleum safe and sound on top. This test was to demonstrate the value of the apparatus in warehousing inflammable materials, particularly burning oils. This completed the demonstrations, which were witnessed by the Committee on Rates and Surveys of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters, at whose request they were given, and a large number of representative insurance men, capitalists and prominent citizens.

It is claimed as the distinctive features of this invention—

1st. The storing of carbonic acid gas in reservoirs, under pressure, in any quantity required, ready for instant use.

2d. On the principle that water absorbs once to once and a half its own bulk for every pressure of the atmosphere (or 15 lbs.) to which it is subjected, and, therefore, that large quantities of the gas can be delivered on a fire by throwing gas and water commingled.

3d. The use of gas lowers the surrounding temperature to such a degree that it enables the firemen to approach so close to the fire as would be dangerous, if not impossible, were water alone used.

4th. That the gas is freed from the acids and

alkalies, which exercise a corroding effect on the metals of which the machines are constructed and that injure fabrics when thrown in solution.

It is conceded by all who have seen these demonstrations that it inaugurates a new era in "lighting fires," by utilizing a positive and well-known agent which is always certain in its action, cheap in its application, and which, if applied in sufficient quantities, constitutes an effectual barrier to fire, rendering widespread conflagrations an impossibility. Fire cannot exist where it is applied, nor is there the slightest mechanical trouble in its application.

Stationary apparatus constructed in capacity proportioned to the size of the building to be protected can be located conveniently in the basement or in rear of a building, having water-pipes attached leading to each story. Hoses are attached to the upright pipes sufficient in length to reach any part of the floor, and ready to turn on instantly. To those interested in oil storage and refining, breweries, sugar-houses, docks, factories, hotels, ocean, lake and river steamers, mines and all risks now extra hazardous, this practical invention presents an absolute safeguard, and, *one always at hand*, and considering the benefit derived, comparatively inexpensive. As an auxiliary to *Fire Departments* a portable battery or street-engine, transported with facility, can be operated in connection with the hose from a steam fire-engine. It has capacity sufficient to impregnate several thousand barrels of water, in the flow, and by the expansive force of the gas it furnishes an additional motive power. Engines of this capacity can be added to and worked by the present Fire Department force at the cost of a few thousand dollars per engine.

Increase in ability to extinguish fires is equivalent to increased water supply. With the increased extinguishing power of carbonated water, fires can be extinguished by using less than a tenth of the ordinary amount of water, thus minimizing the loss from damage from water which frequently exceeds that from fire.

The profits on insurance are the greatest where the risk and the rates are the least, and with this apparatus employed reducing the probability of loss to a minimum, the rate of the insured can be reduced with safety and additional profit to the insurance companies.

When it is remembered the millions of dollars worth of property which are annually destroyed by fire—\$85,000,000 in 1875—and which is an actual loss to the wealth of the country, the value of this invention will be readily acknowledged.

THE DECEASED MILLIONAIRE.

THE LATE ALEXANDER T. STEWART—HIS WEALTH, ENTERPRISE AND MUNIFICENCE.

(Continued from front page.)

though a similar claim is set up on behalf of the present John Jacob Astor. The precise amount of wealth Mr. Stewart has left cannot be given, but it lies somewhere between eighty and one hundred millions of dollars. There are not probably in the world ten other men so wealthy as he was. His annual income from rents and profits in business doubtless amounted to over one million dollars.

The business of the house is world-wide. A foreign bureau has been established at Manchester, where English goods are collected, examined and packed. At Belfast the firm have a factory where linens are bleached. At Glasgow the firm have a house for Scotch goods. In a *magasin* at Paris are collected East India, French and German goods. The woolen house is in Berlin, and the silk warehouses are at Lyons. Payments are made at the Paris Bureau, and all the continental business centres there. Then there are mills in Europe and the United States which manufacture goods exclusively for this firm, and there are buyers and agents who are constantly traveling from Hong Kong to Paris, from Thibet to Peru.

Mr. Stewart's daily life was that of a business man. He generally arrived at his Tenth Street store about ten in the morning and remained until noon, repairing then to his Chambers Street store, where he was occupied until five o'clock. In Summer he took a holiday at Saratoga. He was a liberal patron of the fine arts, his picture-gallery being one of the finest in the city. His latest acquisition in that line was Meissonier's famous painting of a cavalry charge in the presence of Napoleon, designated "1807," which cost its possessor, including duties, etc., \$75,000. Upon General Grant's first accession to the Presidency he nominated Mr. Stewart for Secretary of the Treasury, but on account of the law preventing a person actively engaged in business pursuits holding that position, the name was withdrawn from the Senate. Mr. Stewart at that time displayed his large-heartedness by voluntarily offering to put his vast business interests entirely out of his hands during his proposed tenure of office and devote the income of the position to charitable purposes. This proposition being regarded as a simple evasion of the law, was rejected.

Mr. Stewart's charitable disposition was manifested to a large extent, publicly. At the time of the famine in Ireland, in 1847, he sought for a ship. A British vessel was offered; he would have nothing but an American vessel. One was found with an American captain and an American crew, and was at once chartered. The vessel was loaded with provisions, and under the American flag entered the harbor of Belfast. The agent at Belfast was directed to advertise for young men and women who desired to go to America, and a free passage was given to as many as the vessel could carry, the only requirement being that each applicant should be of good moral character, and able to read and write. A circular was issued by Mr. Stewart himself, and sent to his numerous friends, stating the fact that he expected a large number of young people and asking employment for them. When the vessel reached the harbor of New York, places had been found for almost every one of the new emigrants.

After the Franco-German war Mr. Stewart chartered a steamer and dispatched her to Havre with 3,800 barrels of flour for the relief of sufferers in manufacturing districts. One of the Paris newspapers, in commenting upon the gift at the time, said: "It is from a republic that such examples of generosity and true grandeur come to us. Can we show ourselves worthy of the sympathy of a people represented by such men?" Again, when Chicago was desolated by fire in 1871, he made an unconditional gift of \$50,000 for the relief of the sufferers.

For many years he gave much study to plans for expending a large sum of money in charity, the result of which should be productive of the greatest

and most lasting good. He finally decided to erect a grand hotel for young women, in which they could secure all the comforts of a good home at a minimum price. Accordingly he purchased the plot of ground on Fourth Avenue, extending from Thirty-second to Thirty-third Streets, and nearly half way through the block towards Madison Avenue, and erected a massive iron building, which, however, has not been finished in its interior. This enterprise, he anticipated, would cost him \$3,000,000, and upon its completion he proposed devoting a similar sum to a home for young men. On Fourth Avenue the building has a frontage of 192 feet 6 inches. The frontages on Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets are each 205 feet. The breadth of the rear of the building is 197 feet 6 inches. The whole structure covers an area of 41,000 square feet. The main building is six stories in height, with an additional story in the Mansard roof. Over the central portions on each side and embracing a width of 100 feet of the respective fronts is an additional story, with also a superincumbent Mansard roof, making the building at these centres eight stories high. At each extremity of these central elevations are turreted Mansards or towers, each 24 feet in width and height. Similar towers are on the angles of Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets. The entire height of the central portions of the building is 109 feet, and that of the side portions 103 feet, besides the additional heights of the turrets and the spacious interior hollow-square is to be paved with marble, and having a fountain in the centre, whose falling waters will be murmuring music of delicious sweetness. There will be aquaria, revealing in miniature the mysteries of the wondrous world of waters, and singing birds diffusing an inspiration of joy by their "native wood notes wild," and flowers filling the air with their balmy breath. Except the double rooms, to be occupied by two sisters, each woman will have a room to herself, of good size, finely furnished, and well ventilated, and heated when required. There will be a laundry for washing, to which all clothes to be washed are to be sent, with the lists and names, and as quickly returned as at our largest hotels; a dining-hall, spacious and beautifully ornamented, where dishes are served *à la carte*, enabling the inmates to graduate their meals in respect to cost to their inclinations or means; a drawing-room, in which to meet for social converse, or to receive the calls of lady friends, or to hear music, for there will always be a piano here, and doubtless always accomplished and willing players; a reading-room, which will be furnished with the daily papers, and leading periodicals, and the library, richly stored with a judicious selection of standard works; a lecture-room, for further intellectual enjoyment, and bath-rooms, those important auxiliaries to health.

Only working young women, or those seeking employment, will be received. The object is to cheapen to these the expense of living and give to them the comforts and refinements of a home. It is not the intention to take from their homes those living with their parents, unless under very peculiar circumstances, as when the parents are vicious and drunkards, but to throw open its doors to those without parents or guardians or homes. In every instance the strictest scrutiny into character and antecedent history will be made before receiving one as an inmate. Though not the slightest sectarian prejudice or tendency is allowed to influence its management, it is all-important that the morals of the inmates should be looked after with sedulous and unceasing care.

The marble house on Fifth Avenue built by Mr. Stewart is the finest private residence in America, and it is filled with pictures and objects of art corresponding in value with the structure.

Although he went into society very seldom, he was extremely fond of agreeable company, and usually was "at home" once a week to invited friends. Within the past fortnight it was announced that he designed giving a grand reception and dinner to the Emperor of Brazil, at which the President, with his Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, and leading men of the country, were to be invited, and it is understood that up to the day he caught his fatal cold he was besieged by hundreds of people for cards of admission to his palace upon that occasion.

Italics in Action.

THE habit of italicizing insignificant words and unimportant phrases passes into the life, as well as the voice and the handwriting, of a man, and people who act in italics and Roman capitals are quite as common as those who speak and write in them. Who does not know the emphatic self-importance by which the smallest event of a man's life is as largely acted and as much dilated on as if his whole career turned on that one pivot? Some people lose their fortunes, their best beloved, their health, and no one hears a word; others part with their cook, and the world has the fact blown through a trumpet into its ears. Every acquaintance they possess hears the whole history spoken in capital letters and italics, from the first cause of disagreement to the last of final severance; and every one is expected to find the narrative interesting, and the moral typography suitable to the occasion. To change a house with these loudly emphasized individuals is of more importance than to others of a weaker kind is marriage or partnership; and a dinner is an event which has its array of italics, from the soup to the dessert, and from the guests to the dresses. One gets tired of all the fervor and force, this making snail shells into pearls, oysters, and seashore pebbles into diamonds; and with so much ado about nothing one welcomes the repose of monotony itself, the rest of indifference. Color in one's life is all very well; but it is fatiguing to see nothing but scarlet and purple before one's eyes; and even the very sky is the better for a haze as a veil and a few clouds to cast a shadow.

French Cathedrals.

WHEN religious belief was uniform, as in the Middle Ages, State action included religion. The bishops and abbots were feudal barons, with civil jurisdiction; and, on the other hand, all State action had some religious character and sanction. The cathedrals were the great meeting-places of the city, used for secular purposes, such as the administration of justice, and even for histrionic performances—which, again, were religious in character—as well as for mass. They sprung up just after the towns, along with the right to have walls, had attained freedom and privileges—in fact, as monuments of these and as rivals to the great castles of the lay and the monasteries of the religious barons. The bishops and secular clergy went heartily with the movement, thereby asserting for themselves the power and importance which had been largely absorbed by the monasteries. All the important towns seemed seized with a mania to rebuild their cathedrals with a magnificence unknown before. The new architecture, taking nothing for granted, governed only by logical necessities of construction, is an expression of the rationalism of which Abelard sowed the seed in modern thought, though devoted, like him, to the service of the Church. Their architects were laymen, for the most part, as in several instances we know from their names and the representations which occur of some in the lay dress. In fact, the regular clergy—those living under a rule, or monks,

who had hitherto been the sole depositaries of art and culture—disliked the movement; naturally so, for it meant that their use, and consequently their importance, was gone; and they continued to practice still, after pointed architecture was invented, their own old round-arched style. This is the reason why the architecture of the French cathedrals is in almost every instance pointed, while in England it is generally round-arched. In France the cathedrals were rebuilt in the new style. In England, in accordance with our spirit of compromise, our cathedrals were generally monasteries as well.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

TIGER-SHOOTING IN INDIA.—THE PRINCE OF WALES REVIEWING HIS ESCORT OF SEVEN HUNDRED ELEPHANTS.

The interesting series of sketches of the Prince of Wales's experiences in India is rapidly approaching a close, as he left that country in March on his return journey to England. On February 19th, at Bumbussa in Nepal, the Prince met for the first time in India the celebrated native prince Sir Jung Bahadur, who bore a letter from the Maharajah Dhiraj, his sovereign. Sir Jung was knighted on the occasion of his visit to England in 1856. Under his guidance the Prince of Wales enjoyed some new shooting experiences. Tigers were the principal objects sought for, and the Prince was successful in killing a number of these ferocious beasts. On February 20th, seven hundred elephants were employed in beating the jungle, and the Prince shot no fewer than six tigers, the greatest number any man in that country has been known to kill in one day. One of the grandest spectacles, however, presented on this day was the review of the column of elephants. After shooting a tiger, the Prince and his suite went some little distance up the river, and stood on the bank while the hunting or beating elephants, crossing the river (an arm of the Saraji). The elephants crossed the stream in single file, each carrying at least two persons, and some three or four. The Prince sat for three-quarters of an hour watching the display, which Dr. Russell declares "to be such a spectacle as has never been beheld by living man, and indeed it may be doubted if the like was ever seen in past ages. As I saw the elephants afterwards, they reminded me of an immense army moving in columns. When the elephants were all in position, they wore ship from line stem and stern to line ahead, and began to move over the prairie like a vast fleet sweeping over the face of the deep."

THE INUNDATIONS OF THE SEINE DISTRICT IN FRANCE.

The heavy storms experienced throughout the country in the month of March were felt with equally disastrous force in Europe also. In France nearly the whole district traversed by the Seine was overflowed. Farms and villages were inundated, houses carried away, live stock drowned, and enormous damage done generally. Happily, no loss of life is reported, although the occupants of many of the houses had great difficulty in escaping. The occupants of many houses hung out sheets as signals of distress from their windows, and several buildings fell after the inmates had been removed.

RECEPTION OF AN AMBASSADOR FROM THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO BY THE FRENCH COMMANDANT AT TLEMEN, ALGERIA.

The incessant quarrels of the African tribes of Beni-grassen and the Mayas have impelled the Emperor of Morocco to offer his services as a mediator, and a distinguished subject of the Empire has been sent to tender the intercessory services of his august master. This ambassador, who rejoices in the multiple name of Sidi-el-Hajd-Abd-es-Salam-El-Mozazzani, is a lineal descendant of the Prophet Mohammed. He resides about four days' journey to the northward of the city of Fez, where his house is a sacred asylum, all true Muslims believing that the mere crossing of his threshold will relieve them of all risk of the flames of hell until the day of the last judgment. On his arrival at Tlemen, the commercial depot of the Algerian District of Oran, the ambassador was received in official style by General de Flogny, the French commandant at that place, and M. Gabron, the sub-prefect. The Morocco prince is accompanied on his trip by his wife, who is described as an English lady, of distinguished appearance and cultivation.

THE PERAK WAR.—THE ATTACK ON THE MALAY VILLAGE OF KOTAH LAMA.

We continue our illustrations of the English operations in Malacca, on the part of the military expedition sent to avenge the murder, in 1875, of Mr. Birch, the British Resident, at the Perak River. The sketch depicts the attack, on the 4th of January, on the village of Kotah Lama, on the Perak River. This village is situated about one and a half miles from the British camp at Qualla Kangsa. It was taken by a portion of the forces under the command of Brigadier-General Ross, C.B. It was only intended that the houses of some notorious outlaws should be destroyed, but owing to the determined resistance shown, the whole village was burnt. The picture shows one of the chief's houses, where the Malays made a steady charge after firing a volley into the troops to cover the advance of their spearmen; their fire did no harm, thanks to the thickness of the jungle. The Malays have received a severe lesson, which it is believed will materially moderate their expressions of hostility towards their English rulers.

PUBLIC PRAYERS IN PARIS AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW LEGISLATIVE CHAMBERS.

On Sunday, the 12th of March, the public prayers were held at Notre Dame Cathedral, in Paris, ordered by the law of July 16th, 1875, for invoking the blessings of Heaven on the Legislative Chambers, and on France. The ceremony was of the most solemn character, the military feature being a conspicuous part. Besides detachments from all the corps stationed in Paris, the square was occupied by four battalions of infantry, a squadron of cuirassiers and one of dragoons, all under the command of General de Geslin, Commandant of Paris. By half past eleven in the forenoon, the vicinity of the Cathedral was crowded with an immense press of people, whom the police with difficulty held in check. Mass was performed at noon, and lasted an hour and a half. The service was conducted by one of the canons of Notre Dame, and was participated in by the Archbishops of Paris and of Larisse. The appearance of the square at the close of the service, illustrated by us, was very imposing.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES

FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 8, 1876.

Mlle. Anna de Bréocca is announced to sing at the Academy of Music, under the management of the Messrs. Strakosch, on Monday, April 17th. . . . On Saturday April 8th, owing to the illness of Mlle. Titians and Signor Tagliapietra, the opera of "Norma" was not sung at the Academy of Music. "Faust," with Miss Annie Beaumont as *Marguerite*, was substituted. . . . Brignoli is very ill. . . . "Henry V." was put upon the stage at Booth's on Monday, April 10th, with Rigold as the blonde and martial monarch. . . . Wednesday evening, April 12th, "The Twins," written by A. C. Wheeler and J. Steele Mackaye, will be produced at Wallack's Theatre. . . . "Ferrol" continues a success at the Union Square. . . . "Brass" and "Pique" hold the stages of the Park and Fifth Avenue Theatres. . . . Benson Sherwood is to reopen Niblo's with a grand spectacle. . . . On Easter Monday "Humpty Dumpty" resumes his reign at the Olympic.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—The steamship *Bifrost* is in with Swedish and Norwegian exhibits.

—Most of the show-case men are anxious not to receive any more orders.

—The Egyptian Pavilion, representing a temple of that country, is nearly completed.

—The English Commission have their headquarters in "Pig Iron" Kelly's house.

—The Venezuelan exhibit will comprise about 1,000 collections, all agricultural, no manufactures.

—The Spanish military engineers are now doing carpenter work and painting in the Main Building.

—The total amount collected for the representation of woman's work at the Centennial is \$45,828.48.

—The squeaking of untuned organs is one of the attractions in burly-burly inside the Main Building.

—AGRICULTURAL HALL is ready for the reception of goods, and exhibitors are urged to send them in promptly.

—The Japanese are extremely reticent in giving information as to what the interior of their building will look like.

—The stuffed hide of the celebrated trotter, George M. Patchen, stands, blanketed, in the United States Building.

—A COMPANY of Philadelphians is erecting near the grounds a large frame amphitheatre for "varieties" during the Centennial.

—ERECTED upon a handsome brick pedestal in Machinery Hall is a column, thirty feet in height, composed solely of grindstones.

—GUZMAN BLANCO, President of Venezuela, has ordered the engagement of rooms for his use during his proposed visit to the Centennial.

—FRANCE is about to erect, at a cost of \$50,000, a pavilion in which to exhibit models of the military and civil achievements of French engineers.

—OVER 100,000 persons visited the grounds last Sunday. The inefficiency of the city railways for Centennial purposes was then strikingly displayed.

—GERMANY intends appointing leading men in the industrial arts—such as Krupp, the cannon man, and Borig, the iron man—as her judges at the Exhibition.

—SERGEANT CLAY is Marshal, *pro tem.*, of the Centennial Department of Public Order, a successor to Colonel James Starr, resigned, not having yet been appointed.

—THERE will be a general-delivery window at the Centennial branch of the Post Office, in the United States Building. The mail will also be delivered by carriers.

—The steamship *Pennsylvania* recently came into port with a cargo of British Centennial exhibits, comprising specimens of the Fine Arts, valued at \$862,000.

—The French steamer *Amérique* has arrived at Philadelphia, bringing additional exhibits from France. The *Amérique* is of the same build and capacity as the *Labrador*.

—BELMONT AVENUE divides the Grounds into two zones—temperate and intemperate; on one side are all the fountains and the lake; on the other, all the restaurants.

—The various "turf" associations are making extensive preparations for the coming season. Horse-racing will prove a notable feature of the Centennial celebration.

—The steamship *Dorian* has arrived at Philadelphia with the Italian exhibits, comprising 1,440 packages of miscellaneous goods, and 300 tons of works of the Fine Arts.

—The spot selected for the opening ceremony is the space between Memorial Hall and the Main Building. It is now covered with rail-siding, shanties and rubbish of all kinds.

—The Swedish Schoolhouse, and the Swedish pavilion in the Main Building, are the finest specimens of the carpenter's art on the grounds. They were brought over from Sweden in sections.

—SPAIN has excelled all other Governments in the matter of sectional structures in the Main Building, and judging from the plan of a similar building just begun by that Government in Agricultural Hall, she will take the palm there also.

—The architecture of the show-cases, pavilions, etc., in the Main Building presents the characteristics of the Capitol, Girard College, the backwoodsman's cot, the Alhambra, royal palaces and private villas, the Egyptian Pyramids and Mohammedan mosques.

—The fifty-seven-ton gun from Fortress Monroe has been mounted on a twenty-seven-ton carriage in front of the United States Building. It receives a 1,080-pound ball. Near it is a huge monitor-turret with omniscient port-holes through which two monster howitzers peer out.

CONGRESSIONAL.

FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

MONDAY, April 3d.—SENATE.—Bill passed amending the Bankrupt Law so as to prevent defeated decisions by district judges. . . . Resolution defeated to reconsider the vote reducing the President's salary. . . . House Articles of Impeachment received against W. W. Belknap late Secretary of War. . . . House adopted and managers appointed. We gave the names in our last issue, excepting that Mr. Lapham, of New York, was substituted for Mr. Wheeler. . . . Bill adopted amending the Pension Law of 1812.

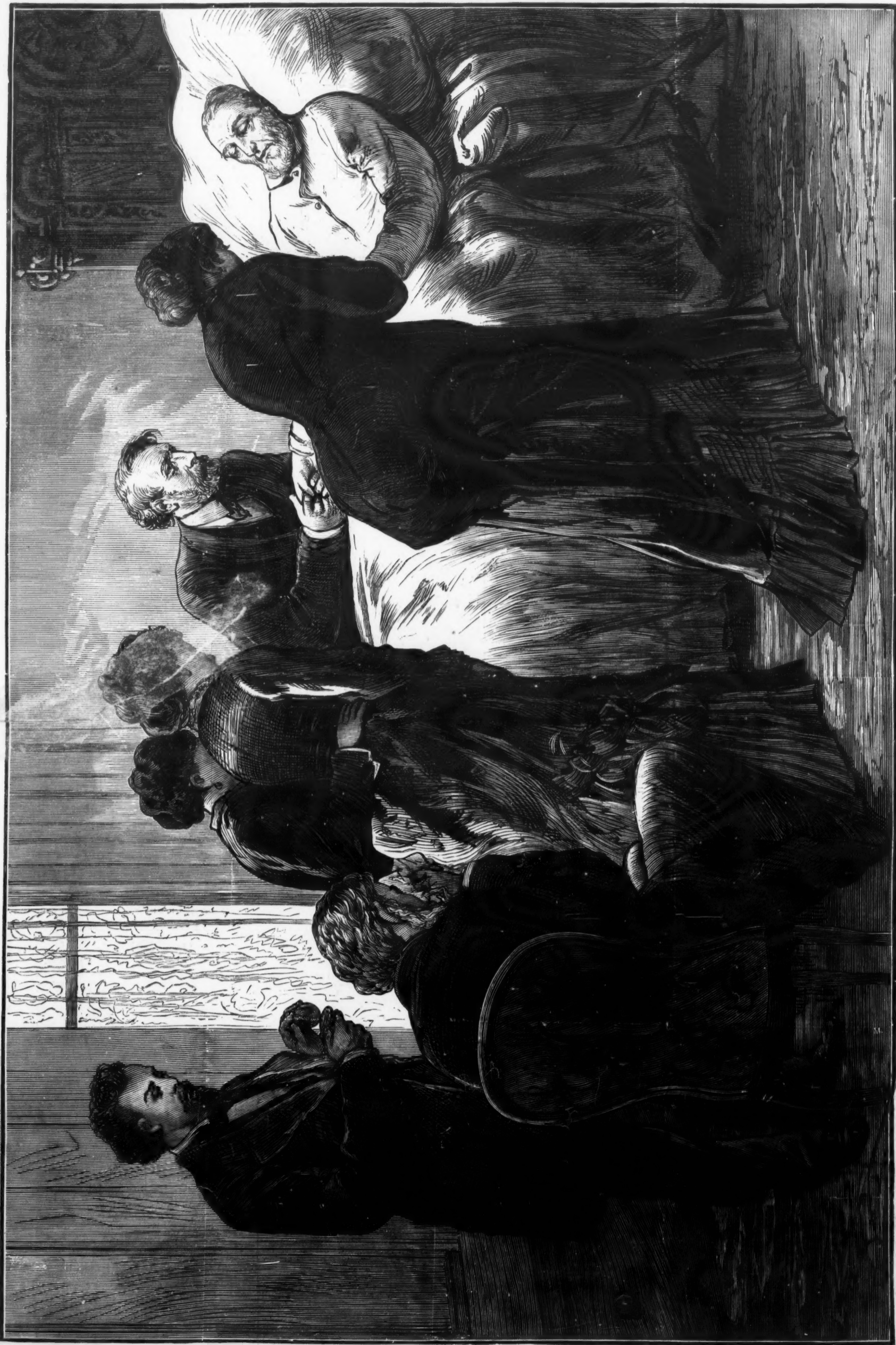
TUESDAY, April 4th.—SENATE.—Messrs. Bontwell, Cameron, of Wis., Oglesby, Bayard and McDonald, appointed a Committee to investigate the recent Mississippi election. . . . The proceedings in the impeachment of Ex-Secretary W. W. Belknap formally begun. . . . In Executive Session the nomination of R. H. Dana, Jr., as Minister to England rejected. HOUSE.—Bill passed extending the statute of limitations to three years for all offenses except those against the Internal Revenue. . . . Bills were offered to restore the Japanese Indemnity, and to prevent further Mexican raids. . . . Legislative Appropriation Bill considered in the evening session. . . . Invitation accepted to attend the unveiling of the Lincoln statue, April 14th.

WEDNESDAY, April 5th.—SENATE.—Bill fixing rate on third-class mail matter discussed. HOUSE.—Indian Bureau Bill discussed at length.

THURSDAY, April 6th.—SENATE.—Bill to abolish capital punishment indefinitely postponed. . . . Postal Bill discussed without action. HOUSE.—Senate Bill passed reducing the President's salary to \$25,000 after March 4th, 1877. . . . Bill to carry into effect the Hawaiian Treaty considered at length.

FRIDAY, April 7th.—SENATE.—No session. HOUSE.—Day devoted to discussion of private Bills. . . . Inquiry ordered into circumstances of League Island Navy Yard sale.

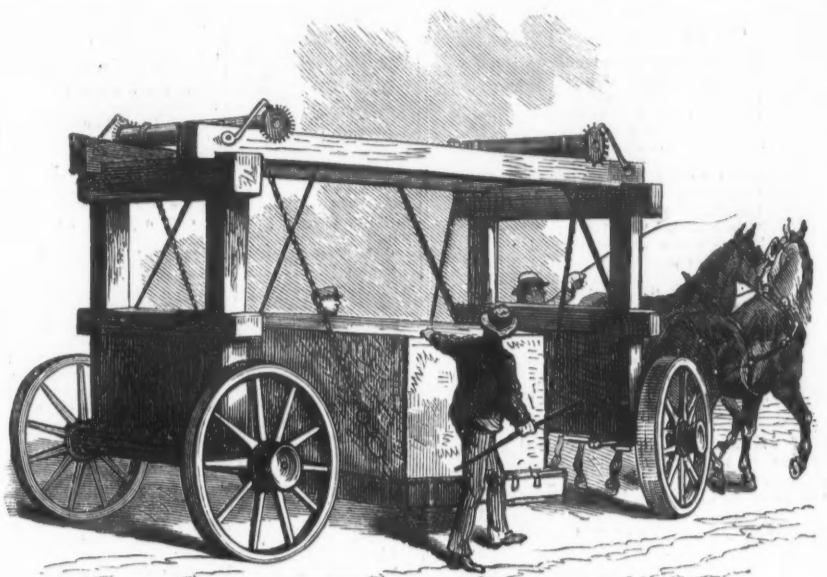
SATURDAY, April 8th.—SENATE.—No session. HOUSE.—Speeches delivered by Mr. Joyce, of Vermont, in favor of speedy specie resumption; Mr. Buckner, of Missouri, in favor of greenback currency, and Mr. Williams, of Wisconsin, against the reduction of official salaries.



Dr. White. Mr. Clinch. Mrs. Butler. Mrs. South. William Smith. Mrs. Stewart.
NEW YORK CITY.—DEATH OF ALEXANDER T. STEWART, AT HIS RESIDENCE, THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE, MONDAY APRIL 10TH, AT 1.45 O'CLOCK P. M.



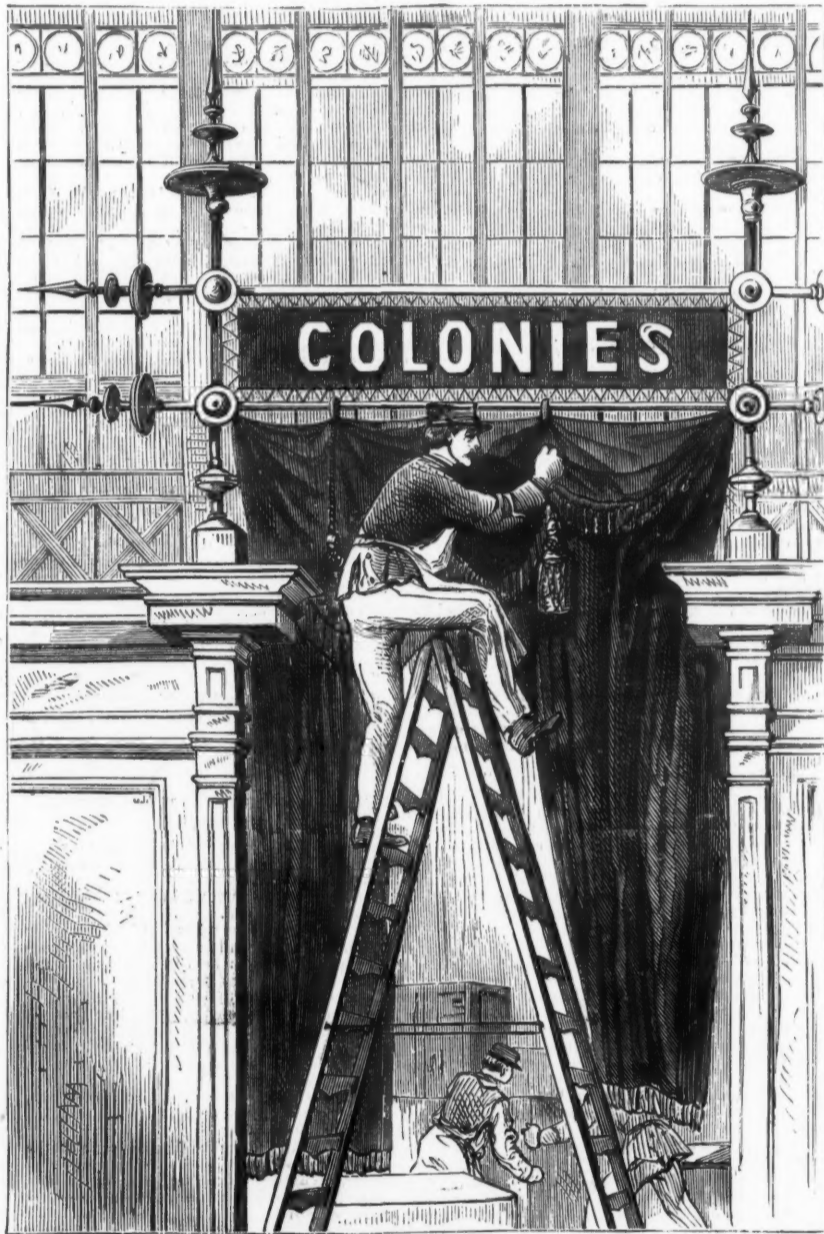
MACHINERY HALL ON A RAINY DAY.



TRUCKING HEAVY BLOCKS OF STONE.



UNCOVERING STATUARY.



HANGING THE DRAPERY IN THE NETHERLANDS DEPARTMENT.



THE FIRST GERMAN ARRIVAL.



GUIDE-BOOK BOYS.



FINISHING THE TOP OF A SHOW-CASE.



HOLLAND SOLDIERS ARRANGING GOODS.



MOVING HEAVY CASES IN THE MAIN BUILDING.



POLISHING VASES IN THE GERMAN DEPARTMENT.

FANTASIA.

BY
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

KISS mine eyelids, beautiful Morn,
Blushing into life new-born!
Lend me violets for my hair,
And thy russet robe to wear,
And thy ring of rosiest hue
Set in drops of diamond dew!

Kiss my cheek, thou noontide ray,
From my love so far away!
Let thy splendor streaming down
Turn its pallid lilies brown,
Till its darkening shades reveal
Where his passion pressed its zeal!

Kiss my lips, thou Lord of light,
Kiss my lips a soft good night!
Westward sinks thy golden car;
Leave me but the evening star,
And my solace that shall be,
Borrowing all its light from thee!

Cary of Hunsdon.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF '76.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

PART VI.

CHAPTER VII.—AT THE ROBINSON HOUSE.

I SHALL describe the two occasions when I last saw, on earth, the face of General Benedict Arnold.

It was about the eighteenth of September, I think, when I was dispatched by Colonel Henry Lee to make a report to General Washington, who was on his way to Hartford, in Connecticut—his route taking him to King's Ferry, at Verplanck's Point, where he designed crossing to the eastern bank of the river, and then prosecuting his journey.

I met the general near Haverstraw—the tall, august figure on horseback, a little in advance of the small cavalcade of officers which accompanied him. Among these I recognized General Arnold, who had crossed the river to meet the commander-in-chief and General Lafayette, the ardent young French marquis, in whose elegant person seemed mingled the most attractive traits of the soldier and the courtier.

General Arnold was perfectly composed. I never saw him look cooler. Every movement and tone was deliberate and assured. His penetrating eyes fixed themselves immovably upon any one who addressed him—I have often since that time thought of this supreme coolness, and wondered at it.

For one moment only his self-possession seemed to be shaken. I had made my report to His Excellency General Washington: he had bowed gravely, informing me that there was no reply. I had then fallen in rear; and finally the whole party entered the long ferryboat which was to take them over the Hudson.

When the boat had reached the middle of the current, I observed General Washington, who was standing beside his horse, holding the bridle, raise his field-glass, and direct it towards a vessel which was anchored near Teller's Point, below.

This vessel was well-known to be the British ship the *Vulture*, which had been lying for some days in the river, with what object no one knew; and General Washington scanned it closely through his glass. He then returned the glass to its leathern case, and turned and said a few words in a low tone to Lafayette.

As he was speaking, I chanced to look at Arnold. An almost imperceptible expression of uneasiness came to his face, and his head was inclined forward quickly, as though he were endeavoring to catch the low words. They were inaudible, and he regained his composure quickly; but it was now to be subjected to another test.

Lafayette was standing between him and Washington, and said to the latter: "It is sure y time that your excellency should be hearing from M. le Comte de Guichen—his squadron should have arrived on the coast by this time."

He turned to Arnold, and added: "You have news from New York sometimes—is it not so, general?"

"News from New York, sir?" said Arnold, quickly.

"*Ma foi!* yes, general! Are you not in command at West Point? You are too good a soldier not to keep yourself au courant of things in the enemy's camp and on the seacoast."

Arnold darted a keen glance at the speaker. "By employing secret agents?" asked Lafayette.

"True, I occasionally employ such," was the cool reply.

"And they tell you all the news?" added the gay young nobleman.

"Yes."

"Well, general, since you have a correspondence with the enemy, you must ascertain as soon as possible what has become of De Guichen."

At those words, *Since you have a correspondence with the enemy*, I saw General Arnold give an unmistakable start.

"Your meaning, sir?" he exclaimed quickly, with eyes that resembled flame, his face suddenly growing pale. This emotion disappeared, however, as rapidly as it came, and, as the boat at the moment reached the shore, no more was said. I observed, however, that General Lafayette exhibited some surprise at the abrupt tone of Arnold, and looked at him intently. The incident was speedily forgotten in the bustle attending the landing, and the cavalcade resumed its way. I returned to camp.

It was just one week after this scene, that, after scouting all night along the eastern bank of the Hudson, I found myself, a little after sunrise, in sight of the Robinson House, General Arnold's quarters. My road led by the gate, and I had just reached it when I saw Mrs. Arnold walking in the grounds, followed by a maid servant holding in her arms the little Jamie.

The lady turned her head at the sound of horses' hoofs, recognized me, and came towards me, her beautiful face lit up by its charming smile.

"You surely will not pass," she said, "without greeting your little protégé! You must come in, if for a moment only—I will take no refusal!"

How could I resist such an attractive invitation? I dismounted, affixed my bridle to the fence, and, directing one of my subordinates to proceed with the detachment towards camp, entered the grounds, and bowed low over the fair hand which was held out to me.

"Jamie will be delighted to see you, sir," she said in her sweet riant voice. "Look! he is actually holding out his arms to you! And to tell me that he has no sense yet!—that he does not know his old friends!"

That word *old* applied to any friend of the young

Jamie, scarce more than a year old, was delicious. I laughed, took him from his nurse's arms, and he certainly did not let me, throwing a little chubby arm confidently around my neck, and leaning his rosy face against my war-worn cheek.

"Look! nurse! just look!" cried the young lady. "Did any one ever! See! he is actually kissing Lieutenant Cary!"

The youth was in fact not kissing so much as applying vigorous suction to my countenance. The pretty mother uttered a delighted laugh.

"It is well you are not a young lady, Master Jamie. I should be ashamed of you! Your demonstrations would be in the highest degree improper; but, as you are only a youth, I excuse you."

"He is only testifying his regard, madame!"

"And I am charmed to see it. Do you know I wish him to love you? My friends must be his. Poor André, how unfortunate he is not to see little Jamie! Jamie is the fortunate one to have two such friends as you and Major André!"

The words afterwards recurred to my memory, producing a dolorous impression on my heart. I played with the baby, who resembled a roachbird enveloped in love, responded to his "ta!—ta!—ta!—a!" by dancing him aloft—whereat he burst into rapturous laughter and delight—and then gave him back to his nurse, informing Mrs. Arnold that I must follow my men.

"You shall do nothing of the sort!" she exclaimed. "You have probably been out all night, and must be quite weary and hungry, too. Come and rest—and there is the breakfast-bell."

I hesitated—it was tempting. "Listen, sir. I am about to decide you," said the lady, with a charming archness, mingled with affected solemnity.

"To decide me, madame?"

"My own society, I know, is not much."

"Do you think so?"

"At least an additional inducement is offered you, since you are a Virginian."

"What is that?" I said.

"I have real Virginian—corn-bread for breakfast!"

I laughed heartily.

"War must, in reality, be a debasing business, madame," I said, "since such additional inducement seems necessary to decide a soldier to enjoy the society of ladies."

With these words I yielded, and we walked towards the house, followed by the nurse, bearing Jamie.

"You will have still another inducement—distinguished company at breakfast," said the lady. "A Virginian like yourself, for whom, to be frank—as I did not know of your coming—the corn-bread was prepared."

"What company, madame?"

"General Washington and the officers of his staff."

"Is General Washington, too, to breakfast with you?"

"Yes, indeed. He arrived this morning from his tour to Connecticut. He is every moment expected, and I shall have the honor of presenting Jamie to him, and making the general take him in his arms."

She walked on prattling thus in her laughing and musical voice, pausing from moment to moment to move her head aside, allowing it to fall towards one fair shoulder after the other, for the amusement of her baby, who greeted this performance with rapturous delight. The morning sun-shine fell upon mother and babe, lighting up their faces, and enveloping the charming group, all joy and merriment and laughter. Suddenly I saw at an open window the face of General Arnold.

Never have I beheld a human countenance so rigid. The face was utterly pale. The eyes resembled coals of fire. I caught only a glimpse of that face. It disappeared hastily from the window; and at the same moment two young officers whom I recognized as aides-de-camp of the commander-in-chief rode up and dismounted.

They were evidently personal acquaintances of Mrs. Arnold's. She received them cordially, and said:

"Is not his excellency coming, gentlemen?"

"He is following us, madame," was the smiling reply of one of the young officers. "He has ridden down towards the river to look at the redoubts—and the incident was the occasion of a compliment to you from the commander-in-chief."

"A compliment to me? Oh! tell me. I am too much of a woman, sir, to be indifferent to compliments—more especially when they are uttered by such a person as his excellency."

The officer laughed in response, and said:

"Well, you shall have his excellency's precise words, madame. The Marquis de Lafayette was beside him when he turned towards the river, and seeing the road he was taking, said: 'General, you are going in the wrong direction—you know Mrs. Arnold is waiting breakfast for us, and that road will take you out of your way.' Now comes the compliment, madame—I repeat it with pleasure, for it is not only flattering, but true."

"Pray do not keep me in suspense."

"General Washington smiled in the most good-humored way when the marquis thus remonstrated with him. 'Oh!' he said, 'I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible! Could his excellency have said anything more gallant or more true?'"

The young lady laughed, and said:

"Quite flattering, and absurd! And is the general not coming?"

"He would be here in a short time, he added. We must go and breakfast with you, he said, and tell you not to wait for him. He must examine the redoubts, but would soon return."

The whole party entered, and General Arnold met us on the threshold, bowing rather moodily. His face was composed now, much of the pallor had disappeared, and he had completely regained his immovable self-possession.

"Is his excellency not coming to breakfast, gentlemen?" he asked, bestowing a strange side-glance upon me.

"He is detained examining the redoubts on the river, general," replied one of the officers.

"Then we will not wait, but proceed to breakfast."

We repaired to the breakfast-room, where Mrs. Arnold did the honor of her table with charming grace. The promised Virginia corn-bread appeared in all its glory, and we were in the midst of the really luxurious meal, when the clank of spurs was heard without, and a knock came at the outer door.

At that sound I saw General Arnold start slightly, but he instantly recovered his coolness.

"An officer with a dispatch, sir," said the servant, who had gone to the door.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said Arnold, rising; "some business seems to require my attention."

He went to the door, and a brief colloquy took place with the officer who brought the dispatch.

"Is it possible?" I heard escape the lips of General Arnold, evidently unconsciously. His voice was scarcely recognizable.

"Yes, sir," said the officer, "there is no doubt

of his identity. He is Major André, of the British Army—he acknowledges it—and is in close custody!"

General Arnold extended his hand quickly, and closed the door of the breakfast-room. The voices were then heard again, but this time the words were wholly undistinguishable. The officer was then heard departing, and Arnold re-entered the breakfast-room.

His expression was indescribable. I can only compare the dark face to a bronze mask, in which the distended eyes resembled those of a wild animal driven to bay. Beside this, he was perfectly calm.

"Order my horse!" he said to a servant. He then added, turning to the officers:

"My immediate presence is required at West Point, gentlemen. Pray inform his excellency when he arrives that I have been unexpectedly called over the river, but will soon return."

Without uttering another word, he went to an adjoining chamber, closing the door behind him, and in a moment a maid-servant came into the breakfast-room with a message from General Arnold that he wished to see Mrs. Arnold.

The young lady rose with a startled look, full of vague apprehension, and, uttering a few hurried words of excuse to her guests, hastened to the chamber, closing the door as she entered.

Five minutes afterwards a low cry came from the chamber, and a heavy fall was heard. I ran to the door and opened it. Mrs. Arnold was lying in a swoon upon the floor, and the general was bending over the cradle in which Jamie was asleep, in the act of pressing a kiss upon the child's lips.

As I appeared at the door, he rose erect, and our glances crossed. His expression was frightful. All the furies seemed tearing him. Without uttering a word, he strode by me, closing the door, and, passing in the same manner the astounded officers, went out of the house. His own horse was not ready. With a single look in the direction from which Washington was expected, he leaped upon the horse of one of the young officers, his guests, dug the spurs into the animal's sides, and set out at a headlong gallop down the precipitous hill towards the Hudson.

On fire with vague suspicion, I mounted quickly and followed him. Soon I found, however, that there was no hope of coming up with him, save at the risk of my life. The road led down a precipice, nearly, but Arnold descended it without relaxing his headlong speed.

I was still three hundred yards from the bank when I saw a barge shoot out into the river, vigorously propelled by its oarsmen.

But, instead of making for West Point, it turned down the river. I followed along the bank, satisfied that there was some terrible secret under all this. The road I followed diverged from the river, but I went over it rapidly, again approaching the bank below. The boat, driving on headlong, had followed the straight line, and was still ahead.

I kept abreast of it until I saw it pass the fort at Verplanck's Point. Arnold stood up and waved a white handkerchief, as a signal that the barge was a flag-of-truce boat.

This was the last chance of stopping him. I galloped towards the fort to warn the officer in command—resolved to train the cannon, if I could do so, on the barge and stop it.

Suddenly my horse stumbled and fell with me—a sharp fiat had entered his hoof, and the spur did not raise him.

I leaped from the saddle and ran up the hill. In the centre of the current, far below, the barge still hot on, with the erect figure in the stern waving the white handkerchief—this time to attract the attention of the *Vulture*.

Fifteen minutes afterwards the barge had reached the vessel, and General Arnold had effected his escape.

Soon afterwards General Washington, holding in his hand the proofs of Arnold's treason, said, in solemn tones:

"Whom can we trust now?"

CHAPTER VIII.—WHAT HAD LED TO THE EVENT JUST RELATED.

ANDRÉ had been arrested in disguise in the American lines, and was about to be tried by court-martial as a spy.

What had led to this sorrowful event? The story need not be a lengthy one.

As far back as the time when I visited Arnold in Philadelphia he had been in secret correspondence with the enemy, to whom he had resolved to sell himself. Mingled motives impelled him. He believed that Congress had been grossly unjust to him in promoting subordinates over him; that his character was destroyed by the refusal to settle his accounts; he had been sentenced to be "reprimanded" for his financial irregularities; and lastly, his extravagances while Governor of Philadelphia had overwhelmed him with debt—a proof of which, in the incessant demands on him by tradesmen, I have already given.

Slowly the bitter thought of going over to the enemy got possession of this man's very blood: he opened secret communication with General Clinton through agents, of whom the woman De Rudysael was one, and then having secured command of the fortress of West Point, made a direct proposal, for so much money and rank, to surrender it to Sir Henry Clinton.

The British general jumped at the dazzling proposal. West Point was the keystone of the American arch of resistance. To secure possession of it was to strike a well-nigh mortal blow at the Revolutionary struggle. Arnold's proposal was at once accepted, therefore. It was arranged that he should weaken or disperse the garrison; then the British commander would hasten up the Hudson with a strong fleet, and the impregnable fortress would fall almost without a blow.

This correspondence was carried on between Arnold and Major André, Adjutant-General to Sir Henry Clinton. Arnold wrote under the name of "Gustavus," completely disguising his hand. André wrote under the name of "John Anderson," not disguising his writing at all. This correspondence was apparently between merchants, on ordinary business, but Arnold made his meaning quite plain to the persons initiated. He professed to be acting for a friend, and wrote, "He is still of opinion that his first proposal is by no means unreasonable, and makes no doubt, when he has a conference with you, that you will close with it. He expects when you meet him that you will be fully authorized from your house, that the risks and profits of the partnership may be fully understood. A speculation of this kind might easily be made with ready money."

This—written on the thirteenth of August—was perfectly plain. General Arnold desired a conference with a responsible person fully authorized on the ready money question. The proposal was accepted, and then Mr. Gustavus requested Mr. John Anderson to come and see him in the American lines. There would be no difficulty—he could pass as a secret emissary of Major-General Arnold.

André promptly refused—it was proposed to him

to place himself in the position of a spy. He would only meet Arnold on neutral ground. This was agreed to, and the conference was fixed for the 20th of September, at Dobbs's Ferry. On this day André proceeded up the river to the place of meeting, wearing his uniform, and instructed by Sir Henry Clinton not to change his dress, go within the American lines, receive papers, or act in any manner as a spy.

He went on board the *Vulture*, was taken thence in a boat with muffled ears, on a calm starry night, to a point on the west bank of the river about two miles below Haverstraw; and here a dusky figure came to meet him—Arnold.

Hidden in a thicket, with darkness around them so deep that they were unable to see each other's faces, the two men held a long and animated conference. The terms of sale of the fortress at West Point were debated at length. Daylight approached before the affair was arranged, and Arnold proposed that André should conceal himself in a house not far distant, where the business might be concluded; then on the following night he would be reconducted to the *Vulture*, and so regain New York.

André consented, but with great reluctance. His position was perilous already, so near the American lines—Arnold was rendering it more so. There was no other course to pursue, however, if the business were to be prosecuted further; he consented, and, mounting the horse of André's servant, he rode with his companion towards the town of Haverstraw, through the darkness.

At the edge of the village the American sentinel hailed them; Arnold gave the countersign; and André—his uniform concealed by a long blue surcoat—was within the American lines, without a flag.

Thenceforth there was nothing for him but to trust to his star. His life was in peril, and, resolving to go through without shrinking, he accompanied Arnold to the house—"Smith's House" it was called—which they reached about daylight.

They had just dismounted, when the roar of cannon was heard from the Hudson. A battery, stationed at Teller's Point opposite, had opened fire on the *Vulture*, which hastened to weigh anchor and sail down the river out of gunshot.

André witnessed this incident in silence, entered the house, and the discussion was resumed. At last all was arranged. West Point was to be so weakened that it could offer no resistance; a link in the great iron chain stretched across the Hudson to Constitution Island was to be removed; then the British fleet might come and seize the prize.

Full written statements and descriptions of the works, and the strength of the garrison, were supplied André, which Arnold advised him to place between his stocking and the sole of his foot. He then supplied him with a pass to go through the American lines as "Mr. John Anderson," in case a land route became necessary; and all being thus arranged, Arnold returned in his barge to the Robinson House, leaving André at Smith's House.

The price of West Point had been definitely agreed upon. Arnold was to have the rank of Brigadier-General in the British Army, and a sum in gold.

André now realized his danger. He was in the American lines, which it had been agreed between him and General Clinton—above all, between himself and Arnold—that he should not enter. The man Smith was unknown to him, and the young officer soon found that he could not be relied upon. Smith was to have rowed him back at night to the *Vulture*, still a little below. The cannon-fire had, however, shaken the man's nerves, and he now refused.

Nothing remained for André but to change his uniform for a disguise, cross the river, and proceed down the island to New York by land—and to this fatal resolution he finally came.

The minutest details of this tragic drama have been recorded—even down to the dress in which André disguised himself. This consisted of a blue overcoat, an undercoat of claret color, the button-holes lined with gold, a nankeen waistcoat and pantaloons, a round hat and riding-boots. It was the costume of a private gentleman of rank and means; having assumed it, André mounted a horse, and, accompanied by Smith, crossed the river at King's Ferry, and they proceeded on their way down the island towards New York.

It was now after dark, and when they had ridden about eight miles they were suddenly halted. They had come on a cavalry picket.

André held out Arnold's pass for Mr. John Anderson, a light was produced, and it was carefully read; and then, with many apologies for stopping them, they were permitted to go upon their way—the officer of the picket strongly advising Mr. John Anderson not to proceed by the Tarrytown road, as it was infested by the cowboys, who were adherents of the enemy.

André smiled as they rode on, and would have ridden all night, but was persuaded to stop at a cottage, where they slept.

Smith afterwards declared that the young officer was weary and restless on this night; and they were again in the saddle at dawn.

At Pine Bridge, over the Croton River, they were beyond even patrolling parties, and André, whose spirits had been steadily rising, became gay and talkative. He spoke of poetry, art, literature, and laughed merrily. Here Smith bade him good-by, and remembering the caution to avoid the Tarrytown road, where the British marauders swarmed, André turned into that road, riding joyously along, with a sense of full security.

He had reached a point within sight of Van Tassel's house, where he had met on the morning of the flag-of-truce, when he fell by the strangest of accidents—if there is any such thing as accident—into a fatal trap.

A party of young countrymen of the neighborhood, not belonging to the regular forces, had agreed to watch the roads to prevent cattle from being driven off by the cowboys, and arrest suspicious characters. They were lying concealed near the road when they saw André approach, and one of them said to his companions:

"There comes a gentlemanlike-looking man, who appears to be well-dressed and has boots on, and whom you had better step out and stop if you don't know him."

The person thus addressed leaped into the road, presented his firelock at André and said:

"Stand!—which way are you going?"

"Gentlemen," said André, taking them for cowboys, "I hope you belong to our party."

"What party?"

"The *lover party*"—this was the name for the British.

"We do," was the reply, and André was completely deceived.

"I am a British officer, out in the country on particular business," he said, "and I hope you will not detain me a minute."

As he spoke he drew out his gold watch—either to show that he was a British officer, or to bribe his captors.

They announced themselves then as Americans, whereupon André produced General Arnold's pass to John Anderson.

This would no doubt have effected his release but for the statement that he was a British officer. Determining to search him as a suspicious character,

they took him into the bushes and forced him to divest himself of his clothes and boots—and the papers in regard to West Point intrusted to him by Arnold were discovered between his stocking and the sole of his foot.

He was conducted to North Castle, the nearest military post, where the officer in command wrote to General Arnold an account of the capture—adding in reference to André: "He had a passport signed in your name, and a parcel of papers taken from under his stocking, which I think of a very dangerous tendency." He then described the papers, informing Arnold that they had been sent to General Washington—and this was the note brought Arnold whilst at breakfast at the Robinson House, which occasioned his sudden flight on board the *Vulture*.

André found that concealment of his real character was no longer possible, and promptly wrote to General Washington, giving his name, rank, and an account of every circumstance connected with his presence in the American lines.

He was directed to be conducted to West Point under close guard. It was while reading André's letter that Washington exclaimed: "Whom can we trust now?"

It had fully revealed the treachery of Arnold.

CHAPTER IX.—ON THE ROAD TO TAPPAN.

THREE days after these scenes I was directed to report to Major Tallmadge, at Stony Point with a small detachment of cavalry, to escort André to Tappan, where the charges against him were to be examined into by a court of inquiry.

André had acknowledged everything from the first, and the tone of his letter to General Washington clearly indicated that he did not consider himself guilty of any action unworthy of an officer and gentleman.

"I beg your excellency will be persuaded," he wrote, "that no alteration in the temper of my mind, or apprehension for my safety, induces me to take the step of addressing you, but that it is to rescue myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self-interest; a conduct incompatible with the principles that actuate me, as well as with my condition in life. It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, and not to solicit security."

I agreed to meet, upon ground not within the posts of either army, a person who was to give me intelligence. I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must lie concealed until the next night. I was in my regimentals, and had fairly risked my person. Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensations on this occasion, and must imagine how much more I must have been affected by a refusal to conduct me back the next night as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers. Thus, as I have the honor to relate, was I betrayed (being an adjutant-general of the British army) into the vile condition of being an enemy in disguise within your posts."

The letter concluded with the statement that what it contained was "true on the honor of an officer and a gentleman," and a request that his name might be "branded with nothing dishonorable," as he had no motive but the service of his king.

In this letter the controlling solicitude of the writer is seen—not that he should escape the consequences of his act, but that he should, under no circumstances, be regarded in the mean character of a spy, or have his name branded with dishonor. Having written this letter, André had become perfectly calm, and his demeanor indicated, it is said, that his mind was greatly relieved.

It was a bright September morning when the cavalry escort set out from Stony Point towards Tappan, with André, who had been brought thither from West Point in a barge, under guard.

I rode beside him and never saw him more cheerful. His face was almost smiling. It was impossible, looking at him, not to see that his conscience entirely acquitted him of having been guilty of anything unworthy, and I do not think he had a just conception of his peril. This peril I fully realized, and the conviction of the imminent danger to which his life was exposed caused me the greatest sadness. Thoroughly made up as was my opinion of the moral question involved in the whole series of events, I could not withhold from André my deep personal sympathy. I was bound to him by many ties; and even those who had never before seen him were completely won by his simple and cordial manners and his calm courage. He saw my expression as we rode along, and said, with a smile:

"You are sad to-day, dear Cary. Is it on my account?"

"Yes," was my reply.

"Why should you be? You see I keep a good heart."

I had no courage to reply to these words.

"I am a prisoner, it is true," he continued, "but every soldier risks that, as he risks falling in battle. I can say with truth that I have never been afraid of death, and it would be strange if I was cast down now at being a prisoner. My whole aim has been to do nothing unworthy of a man of honor—the rest I leave to that Providence which, as the poet says, 'shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.'"

He paused, then went on in a moment:

"I hope I need not justify myself to you, Cary. I was no mean spy, stealing in disguise into your lines, to lurk and watch, and crawl away again like a reptile, back to my employer. I was invited by that person Arnold to place myself in such a position, and indignantly refused. I consented to meet him on neutral ground, without the American lines, in my uniform—as a soldier risking his person—as much so as if I bore the British flag in my hand. Do you say that I came at night? Yes—war is conducted by night for its concealing shadows. I met this person—he acted in accordance with his nature, and betrayed me within your lines. I attempted to escape, disguising myself to effect that escape, not to act as a spy; I was captured—and here I am. Now, was I, or was I not, a common spy, friend?"

"No!"

He held out his hand. I took it, and said:

"Living or dead, you will never appear to me in that light, André."

"Your assurance is grateful, Cary; all the more as I see plainly that you detect the whole scheme of tampering with that man Arnold. But you employ a singular phrase. You say *living or dead*. I am not afraid of death, and dare to say that I can look it in the face like a brave man; but, tell me, do you really think that my life is in serious danger?"

I had not the heart to reply.

"Speak plainly, friend," said André, in a gentle voice; "it will be the kindest."

"Remember Captain Hale, André."

"Captain Hale?—who was hung as a spy on Long Island? You certainly cannot compare me to him, Cary."

"Others will do so."

"But he was an avowed spy. He entered the British lines in disguise, reconnoitred the entrenchments, took notes, and was captured and executed as a spy."

"Let us speak of something else," I said; "the subject is disheartening."

A slight color touched André's cheeks, but it soon disappeared.

"So be it," he said, in a low tone; "a soldier's death is a soldier's best end; and what matters it whether the death comes on the field or by the bullets of a court-martial?"

The thought had evidently not entered his mind, seriously, that the "soldier's death" he coveted would not be his fate.

"Let us cease this gloomy discussion," I said. "I saw a friend of yours recently."

"You mean—Mrs. Arnold?"

"Yes."

His head sank, and he rode on for some moments in silence.

"Do you know," he said at length, "that the bitterest part of this bitter business to me, is the infamy I have helped to inflict on the name she bears? It has kept me from sleeping. The thought never comes to me without occasioning me a pang. You do not know how sincerely I love that beautiful, good woman."

He averted his head again, and said, in an altered voice, and in the same low tones:

"Some one told me she had a child?"

"Yes; a little boy about a year old."

"You have seen him, then?"

"Yes; his mother is immensely devoted to him, and proud of him."

André's eyes filled with sudden moisture.

"I have—blackened his name, too!"

He rode on again in silence. At length he said, in a voice inaudible to those around him:

"Did she speak of me?"

"In the kindest terms."

"Did she know anything of—this business?"

"Nothing whatever."

"She is still in ignorance, perhaps?"

"She knows all now—knew it on the morning of her husband's flight. I was in an adjoining room when he told her, and she fell down in a dead faint."

André's hand closed on his bridle-rein as though the nails of his fingers were about to bury themselves in his palm, and I could see that his teeth were clenched.

"Would to God," he muttered hoarsely, "that I had never stirred in this damnable affair!"

After this he said no more until we had ridden many miles. By this time he seemed to have regained his calmness in a great measure, and said:

"Cary, there are persons who honestly believe that certain human beings are the sport of some hidden fate—a fatality, as the French say, which drags them on to certain actions, without leaving them power to resist. If I believed that, I would believe myself one of those unfortunate men. I did not wish to touch this business. I had no heart for it. I was lured on to undertake it by my master-passion—a thirst for military glory. If it succeeded, I was to lead the assault on West Point, and to be commissioned Brigadier-General. I tell you all, you see—there was my great temptation. I yielded to it—my fate dragged me—and what is the result? I am a prisoner, in danger of losing my life—and even worse. I have covered with infamy the name of the kindest friend I have on earth! I have branded her poor little boy with a dishonor that will dog him through life! You left her swooning yonder! I am here! May God help her to bear the blow I have so cruelly struck her!"

A low moan followed the words, and André did not again open his lips during the rest of the journey.

On reaching Tappan, he was confined under guard in a building called "The Seventy-six Stone House," and on the next day was arraigned before a court-martial, consisting of Greene, Stirling, Lafayette, and other eminent officers—fourteen in number.

André's deportment during the trial was perfectly calm, and in a voice unmoved by any emotion whatever he repeated his statement to myself, acknowledging that he had come ashore from the *Vulture* in the night, and without a flag.

This admission was followed by a profound and ominous silence.

When asked by General Greene, the President of the Court, whether he had anything further to say in reference to the charges, he replied, in a firm voice:

"I leave them to operate with the Board, persuaded that you will do me justice."

He was remanded to prison.

The deliberation was long and solemn, and resulted at last in the verdict:

"That Major André, Adjutant-General of the British Army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that, agreeably to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death."

On the next day, General Washington wrote:

"The Commander-in-Chief approves of the opinion of the Board of General Officers respecting Major André, and orders that the execution of Major André take place to-morrow, at five o'clock p.m."

(To be continued.)

CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE EXPOSITION.

OUR artists give us this week another contribution of interesting and characteristic sketches of scenes attending the preparations for the near approaching Exposition. During the recent heavy storms out-door labor was seriously interrupted, and the workmen were forced to seek shelter from the inclement skies inside the buildings. Machinery Hall especially was a favorite refuge, as the men could there take their ease without risk of interrupting exhibitors arranging their goods, and warm themselves, and gossip or read their papers, without molestation or offense.

The first contribution to the German Department which arrived was embodied in a huge case, which the laborers are depicted as about to open. The uncovering of the statuary intended for the Art Department occasioned considerable merriment among the bystanders, as the figures were gradually revealed by the removal of their casings.

The manner in which the heavy boxes of goods are transported into proximity to their places is represented, as also the trucks which carry the heavy blocks of stone. The central cut on the page represents the entrance to the Netherlands Department, at which point heavy draperies are being mounted in tasteful style. Our old friends, the "Guide-Book Boys," reappear in the active prosecution of their noisy traffic. The arrangement of the Holland goods is intrusted to the de-

tachment of Dutch soldiers who represent that nationality at the Exposition.

On another page will be found a sketch of an interesting model which is being placed in position on the north side of the Lake. It represents in miniature the City of Paris, and was constructed by Colonel Leonard Gerama. It will give the topography of that famed city of La Belle France, the River Seine, the bridges, public buildings, hotels, Arc de Triomphe, Place de la Concorde, Column Vendôme, the statuary, the wall—in fact, a fac-simile in miniature of the famed city of gayety, frivolity, and Mabelle. The French exhibition will, in all its details, be one of the most extensive and elegant of all the foreign contributions to the Exposition. The Centennial Letter Box, on the same page, represents the comprehensive manner in which the postal preparations have been made for the convenience of representatives of all nations. On the face of the letter-box inscriptions are seen, in a variety of languages, explaining the purpose of the receptacle in a manner comprehensible to visitors from every quarter of the globe. These boxes are distributed throughout the grounds and buildings, and are very ornamental. They bear a picture of a sealed letter, and the words "Mail collections hourly," inscribed in the English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, and Chinese languages. The mail facilities of the Centennial will be of the most complete possible character.

Among the foreigners who have already taken up their summer residence in Philadelphia, none attract greater attention than the Turks, whose quiet and majestic deportment render them the centre of extensive commencing observation. They are deeply interested in the work which is going on on every hand about them. The official titles of the commissioners are as follows: G. d'Aristarchi, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary; Baltazzi Effendi, First Secretary of Legation; Rustem Effendi, Second Secretary of Legation; M. Edward Sherer, in the office of the Consul-General, New York; and Mr. Auguste Giese, honorary member.

THE LATE A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

DR. AUGUSTUS K. GARDNER, a well-known physician and medical author of New York city, died suddenly on the morning of April 7th. He was born at Roxbury, Mass., July 31st, 1821. He graduated from Harvard College in 1842, and from the College University as a Doctor of Medicine in 1844, and in 1852 was honored with the degree of Master of Arts by the same institution. In the Fall of 1844 he went abroad and gave much of his time to the study of obstetrics and of lunacy. Upon settling in New York city, Dr. Gardner rapidly acquired an extensive practice, and performed much service in our public institutions. For a period of six years he was attending physician of the City Dispensary, and was similarly attached to the Northern Dispensary for a like time. He was also physician of the Lying-in Asylum district, Professor of Diseases of Females and Clinical Midwifery in the New York Medical College, and for three years had sole charge of the private asylum at Bloomingdale. He was a voluminous author, and had recently contributed a series of admirable articles on Malaria for a prominent daily newspaper in this city.

Dr. Gardner occupied a prominent position in the social and literary circles of this city, and his departure has created a void in many hearts which cannot readily be filled. He was buried on Monday, the 10th inst., in Greenwood Cemetery. The funeral was attended by an immense concourse, and the esteem in which the deceased was held was testified to by a great variety of beautiful floral tributes, wreaths, crosses, hearts, and a shield of immortelles, on which were woven the words of the knightly charge which in medieval days accompanied the bestowal of knighthood, "Valiant, courteous, loyal." The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Bellows, who in earnest language pronounced a warm eulogium upon the generous and knightly character of the deceased. The pall-bearers were Dr. Carnochan, F. Leslie, Richard B. Kimball, H. Faulkner, Dr. Holcomb, and Dr. Guernsey.

OPENING OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

RECEPTION AT NO. 7 EAST 15TH ST., N. Y.

THE Young Women's Christian Association of New York, an organization whose meritorious efforts have attracted the sympathetic co-operation of many of our wealthiest and most enlightened citizens, has at length secured a permanent home, in full keeping with the excellent purposes for which it is designed. On the evening of March 30th, the Association took formal possession of its new building, at No. 7 East Fifteenth Street. The occasion was marked by a largely attended social reception, at which were present Mayor Wickham, Morris K. Jesup, D. B. Eaton, Rev. Dr. S. I. Prime, B. Colgate, Rev. R. R. Booth, Dr. Streeter, G. W. Carlton, Rev. Mr. Kerr, and many other well-known persons. Gov. Tilden was expected, but was unable to attend. The apartments were handsomely decorated with flowers. Mr. Jesup, who presided, read a statement of the Association's financial condition, showing that the original cost of the new building was \$65,500, and the repairs, furniture, etc., amounted to \$10,000. It is proposed to increase the size of the building at an expense of about \$25,000. Between \$40,000 and \$50,000, however, yet remain to be raised by the Association. Other addresses were made by D. B. Eaton and the Rev. R. R. Booth, of the University Place Presbyterian Church. The new building of the Association is 75 by 103 feet in dimensions, and three stories in height. On the first floor are the library, reading-room, parlor, and employment-room; on the second floor are class-rooms, a serving room, and a reading and writing class-room, while on the third floor are situated the studios of the Association.

European Armies.

PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI, writing on the question of army expenditure, says that 3,000,000 soldiers are maintained on a peace footing by the six leading powers of Europe. While the United Kingdom spends \$25,000,000 for her defenses, Russia expends \$30,000,000; France, \$25,000,000; Germany, \$16,000,000; Austria, \$11,000,000; and Italy, \$9,000,000. Taking the entire population of Russia at 82,000,000, of France at 42,000,000, and of the British Empire at 234,000,000, it is shown that for every 1,000 persons protected France pays £595; Russia, £368; and England, £175.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

On Saturday, April 8th, the wife of General B. F. Butler died in Boston.

THE Hon. Stephen D. Van Schaick, Surrogate of New York, died in Savannah, Ga., April 5th.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS sails for Europe, May 1st, where he will remain for six or eight months, to promote the establishment of a direct trade with the cities of the Mississippi Valley.

MRS. BETSEY STRAW, one hundred and one years and six months old, and probably the most aged person in New Hampshire, died at Warner recently of lung fever. She was a relative of Ex-Governor Straw, and made her last public appearance in connection with a pair of worsted stockings that she knitted for Mr. A. T. Stewart.

A YOUNG lady was lately dismissed from the Treasury whose father served in the Engineer Corps for sixteen years. He died three years ago of smallpox, and left a widow with seven children. The eldest daughter, a schoolgirl, passed the civil service examination for a \$1,200 clerkship. She obtained a \$900 appointment, proved an excellent clerk, but was dismissed because she and her mother call Washington their home.

DON CARLOS, now in England, it is said, has received overtures to become a loyal member of the royal family of Spain, and that his pride may not suffer, he will be offered the position of Governor-General of Cuba in lieu of the title of Captain-General, thus affiliating him with the Home Government in the same manner that the Portugal royal family became rulers of Brazil after their expulsion from Portugal by Napoleon.

By direction of the President of the United States, Brigadier-General Meigs, having reported in obedience to telegraphic orders of the 3d of March, 1876, resumed his duties as Quartermaster-General, relieving Colonel Rufus Ingalls, acting Quartermaster-General, April 1st, 1876. Colonel Rufus Ingalls, on being relieved, resumed his former duties as Chief Quartermaster of the Military Division of the Atlantic, and the charge of the general depot of the Quartermaster's Department in New York City.

Nor long since a gentleman was waiting in the parlor at Willard's Hotel, Washington, when a little girl came slyly up to him, with one tiny finger in her mouth. Of course she was warmly welcomed. Looking up, she said: "I like oo," and asked, "Does oo know my papa?" as if all the world should. "Whose little girl are you?" was asked. She looked up a minute, and playing with the fur on the gentleman's cloak, answered, "I'm Mr. New's 'little durl,' an' I've got a baby sister, too; she's in the next parlor with mamma, and papa's don't work. He works in the Treasury."

PRINCE BISMARCK speaks good Swedish, and learned to do so in six weeks. Before the late Austro-Prussian war, he frequently visited Sweden. Once while hunting in that country with Baron Blitzen-Finnecker, Bismarck had a severe fall from his horse. When told that it would take some six weeks before he could recover from the hurt, he considered the unwelcome fact a few moments in grim silence, and then characteristically asked to be furnished with the Swedish and German papers and the Swedish and German dictionary—and to be let alone. At the end of six weeks he had made the double conquest of his wound and the Swedish language—which he could fluently speak and translate.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE

Production of Silk in France.—The gross weight of cocoons for the year 1875 was 9,883,580 kilos (nearly 20,000,000 pounds) valued at 68,614,802 francs. Of this amount ninety-four per cent was furnished by eight southern departments of the Republic. In twenty-five other departments the production is insignificant, and in fifty-four others it is unknown.

Refining Gold by Bromine.—Gold is readily dissolved by bromine, and the bromide of gold is resolved by heat into metallic gold and free bromine. It is therefore a valuable agent for freeing gold from foreign metals (lead, bismuth, antimony and tellurium) which alter its properties. The method may be substituted for Miller's chlorine process, and very probably could be applied to the extraction of gold from roasted pyrites.

To Prevent the Freezing of Dynamite.—In order to prevent the freezing of dynamite in winter, Girard proposes to mix the nitro-glycerine with some substance that will not diminish its explosiveness, and yet at the same time will lower its freezing point. He finds that methyl-nitrate is admirably adapted for this purpose. It is only necessary to mix the nitro-glycerine with ten per cent methyl-nitrate to prevent its freezing. This can be done before the infusorial silica is saturated and the dynamite is made. As the dynamite is now put up in metal cartridges, there is no danger of its undergoing any change in keeping. As the freezing of dynamite has been the occasion of numerous serious accidents, it is to be hoped that the above method of preventing such calamities may prove successful.

What is an Inch of Rain?—There are 6,272,640 square inches in an acre of land; so that an inch depth of rain on an acre yields 6,272,640 cubic inches of water, which, at 277.274 cubic inches to the gallon, makes 22,622.5 gallons, or 226,225 pounds, equal to 100,993 tons, nearly 101,000 tons per acre. For every one-hundredth of an inch, therefore, a ton of water falls per acre. There are 14,800 acres on Manhattan Island. During the month of March the rainfall amounted to 8.80 cubic inches, which is equal to 200,000 gallons to the acre, or 2,960,000,000 gallons of water for the whole island of New York, being four times as much water as was contained in the Worcester Reservoir. The distributing reservoir on Forty-second Street has a capacity of 20,000,000 gallons. There was consequently enough rain in March to fill this reservoir nearly 150 times. If we were required to pump up this amount of water, or transport it on ships, we should better appreciate how great the quantity is. In the tropics 20 inches have been known to fall during twenty-four hours—an amount that would ruin half the roads, bridges and manufacturing towns in our country.

The Geology of the Emma Mine.—Recent developments in the Emma Silver Mine, Utah, seem to indicate that the scientific expert who reported that there was no ore in the mine was mistaken. Ore has been struck in the "Bay City" tunnel, belonging to an adjoining mine, which is believed to be in the Emma ground, and the miners of that region are of the opinion that the prosecution of a mining enterprise would prove much more remunerative than a suit for the recovery of money previously invested. All work in the Emma Mine was suspended in consequence of the occurrence of what is technically called a "fault." The interruptions occasioned by faults are a source of considerable difficulty in mines, since when one is reached it is almost impossible to decide whether the continuation of the mineral sought is above or below the level, or to the right or the left. The report of the expert who examined the Emma Mine after the fault was reached, that there was no more ore on the property, led to the collapse of the whole concern. It now appears probable that if explorations had been properly prosecuted, the lost vein would have been recovered. Geologists are well aware how, by the sliding up or down of the rocks, the relative position of the strata can be greatly changed.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—LAYING OUT THE MODEL OF THE CITY OF PARIS.—SEE PAGE 115.

beings, so that but one life was lost. The destruction of mills and dams, however, was immense. Taking the course of Lynde Brook, the water crossed the highway into Cherry Valley, and at the Smith's Pond Dam received a temporary check. Then with added strength it picked up the Bottomly Mill and hurled it against the four-story brick mill of Ashworth & Jones, washing away the boiler-house and whirling the boiler as if under full headway of steam down over the country. By the time the stream struck



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION. A CENTENNIAL LETTER-BOX.—SEE PAGE 115.

the embankment of the Boston and Albany Railroad it had greatly broadened, and fully eight hundred feet of the road-bed was washed away. Just before the angry current struck the embankment at Jamesville, a section of the stream forced its way on by the line of the road, and, passing on both sides of the depot, rushed down the track, pushing everything before it. Three hours after the dam broke away the effect was felt at New Worcester.



THE LATE AUGUSTUS K. GARDNER, JR.—SEE PAGE 115.



MEXICO.—MEXICAN INSURGENTS, UNDER GENERAL DIAZ, SEIZING THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, MATAMORAS, APRIL 2D.—SEE PAGE 110.

A FLOOD IN MASSACHUSETTS. BURSTING OF THE LYNDE BROOK DAM AT WORCESTER, MARCH 30TH.

ON the afternoon of March 30th a portion of the dam of the large Lynde Brook Reservoir, five miles from Worcester, Mass., gave way, and a column of water, thirty feet wide by twenty deep, rolled down the valley. Fortunately there had been premonitions of a break, and the track it was conjectured the water would take was cleared of human

The Boston and Albany Railroad served as a dam, and Webster Square was soon converted into a huge reservoir. About a quarter-past ten in the evening the double arch bridge on the railroad, below Curtis & Marble's large brick shop, gave way, together with a section of the embankment seventy feet long and twenty-five feet wide. A new outlet was thus formed, and the destruction of the town was averted.

The Lynde Brook dam was built in 1863, and rebuilt in 1872-73, the capacity of the reservoir being increased to a maximum of 663,330,000 gallons. In



THE BROKEN RESERVOIR.

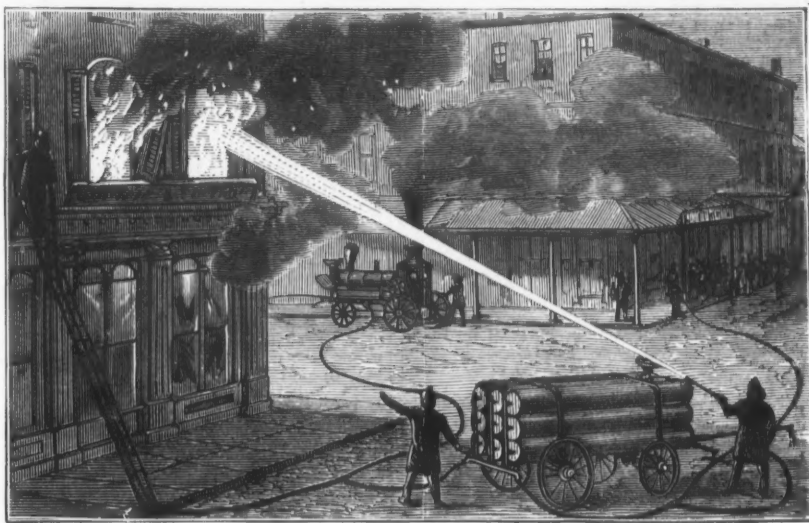


RUINED ARCH OF THE BOSTON AND ALBANY RAILROAD, NEAR NORTH WORCESTER.

MASSACHUSETTS.—BURSTING OF THE LYNDE BROOK DAM AT WORCESTER, MASS., MARCH 30TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. O'CONNOR.



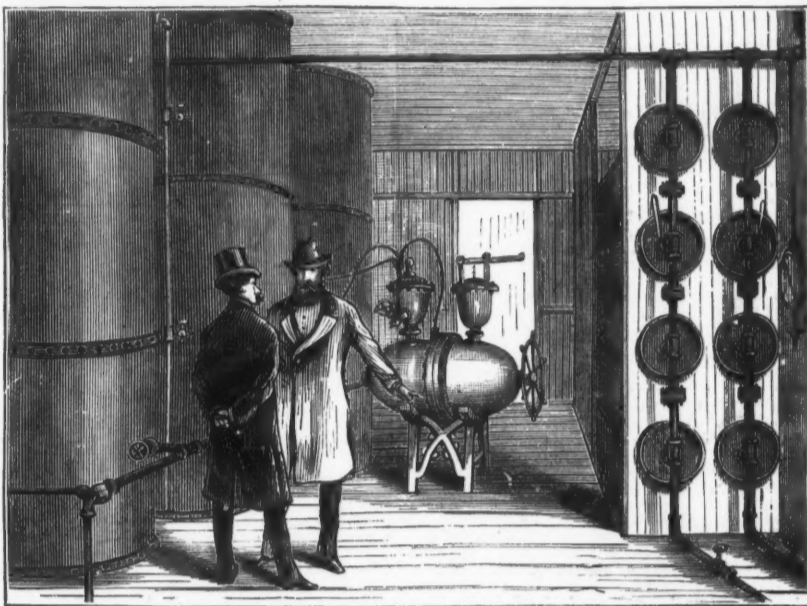
EXTINGUISHING A TANK OF BURNING PETROLEUM.



THE BATTERY FOR STREET USE.

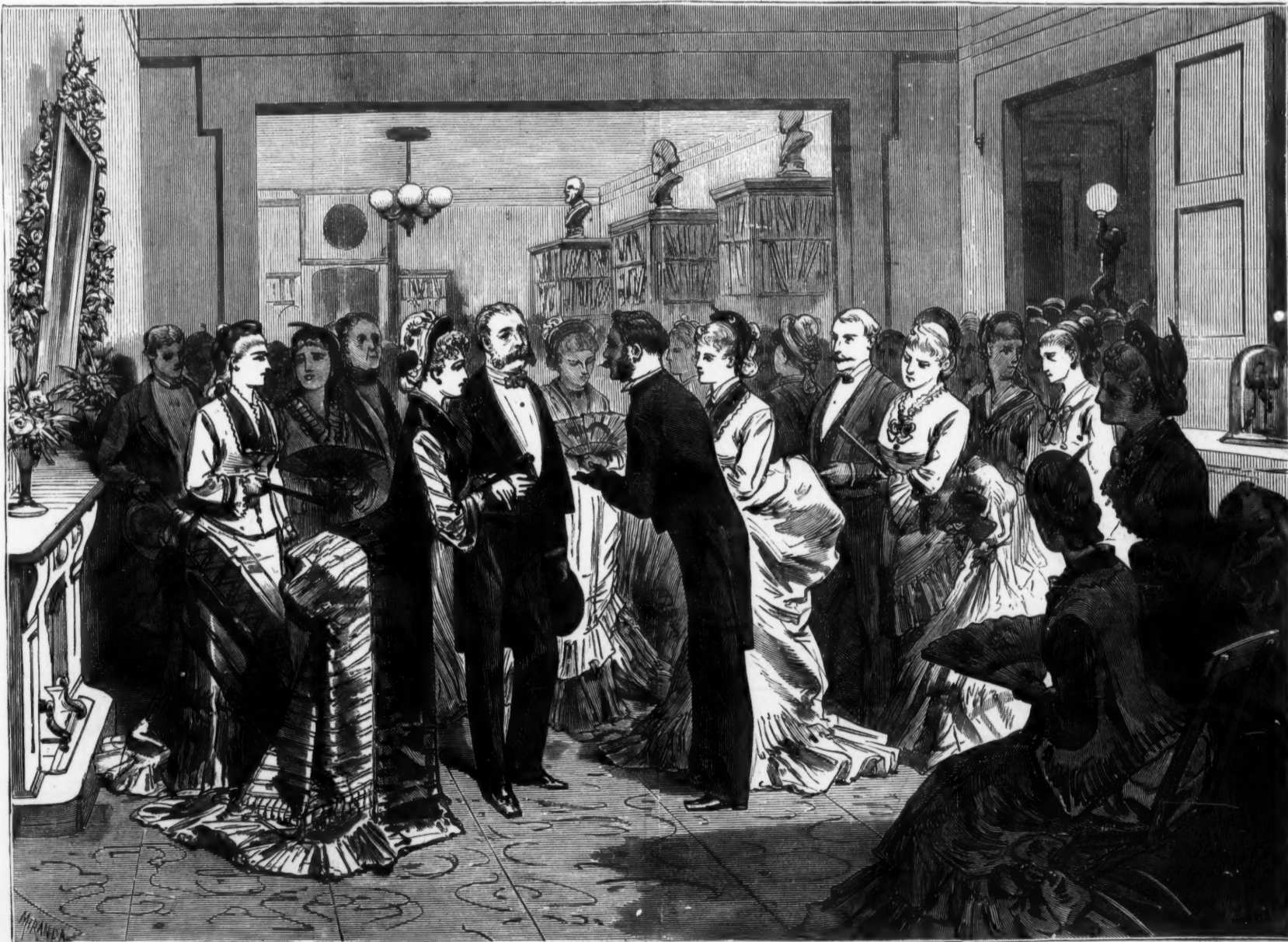


THE RESIN TEST AND BARRELS OF CRUDE PETROLEUM.



WATER IMPREGNATED WITH GAS UNDER PRESSURE—THE GAS-GENERATOR AND RECEIVERS.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE HASTINGS SYSTEM (OPERATING THE CONNELLY PATENTS) FOR ANNIHILATING FIRES, AS EXHIBITED AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND ELEVENTH AVENUE, MARCH 23d, BEFORE A COMMITTEE OF THE NEW YORK BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS.—SEE PAGE 110.



NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING RECEPTION OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, IN EAST FIFTEENTH STREET, ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 30TH.—SEE PAGE 115.

May, 1873, by the use of flush boards, fully 775,572,000 gallons were registered. The dam was faced with a heavy wall of masonry, and engineers considered it absolutely safe.

FUN.

Big long-legged man don't always sometimes get ahead of little boy," is Chinese for "the race is not always to the swift."

SAYS a country editor: "Who drinks all the whisky made in the United States is what staggers us." It is enough to stagger anybody.

MRS. MALAPROP writes to sympathize with poor Pay-on Weston on his great walking feet having come off! She doesn't wonder at it, considering the awful amount of work they have had!

THERE is one thing about hens that looks like wisdom—they don't cackle much until they have laid their eggs. Some folks are always bragging and cackling what they are going to do before-hand.

"WHY did Pharaoh kill the boy-babies of the Hebrews, and not the girls?" asked a teacher of her class of girls the other day. "Because boys are so much worse than girls," was the prompt reply of a little maid.

A DISTINGUISHED divine said, "Keep ahead of your work instead of allowing your work to keep ahead of you." A man who talks in that way has not sense enough to wheel a wheelbarrow or feed a threshing-machine.

COOK (at the registry office)—"Avin' never lived with any but 'igh fam'lies, 'should wish to know if the party keeps their carriage—men-servants in the 'ouse—moves in good society—' Mistress of the Office (shortly)—"The lady has been presented at Court, if that will suit you!" Cook (condescendingly)—"Thanks. Then I think I'll call upon her!"

If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of the sense of smell, taste, or hearing, eyes watery or weak, feel dull and stupid or debilitated, pain or pressure in the head, take cold easily, you may rest assured that you have the Catarrh. Thousands annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, terminate in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive, or less understood by physicians. R. V. Pierce, M.D., of Buffalo, N. Y., is the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy—a perfect Specific for Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," or Catarrhal Headache.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Indorsed by the fashionable world. 48 Bond St., N. Y., and of druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

Burnett's Cocaine kills dandruff, allays irritation and promotes the growth of hair.

Coughs and Colds.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

Overton's New Dining Rooms, No. 192 Chatham Square, are unexceptionable in the cleanliness, quality and cooking of their table supplies. Call and judge.

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And only 15,000 Tickets.

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1 PRIZE OF.....	500,000 "
1 PRIZE OF.....	100,000 "
1 PRIZE OF.....	50,000 "
3 PRIZES OF.....	25,000 "
3 PRIZES OF.....	10,000 "
3 PRIZES OF.....	5,000 "
103 PRIZES OF.....	1,000 "
756 PRIZES OF.....	500 "

Whole amount drawn, 2,250,000 Dollars.

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1876.

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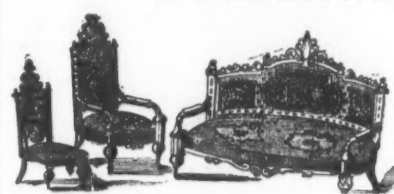
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FRANK LESLIE'S
HISTORICAL REGISTER
OF THE
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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The design of the publisher in preparing an Illustrated "HISTORICAL REGISTER OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION" is to furnish—through the medium of accurate and carefully executed wood engravings and the pen-
pictures of our correspondents—to the million unable to attend the "World's Fair," a permanent, truthful and
beautiful Register of the Congress of the Nations assembled, in friendly competition, in Philadelphia in 1876.
Part I., now ready, is illustrated with eighty engravings, and contains a History of all Exhibitions throughout
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illustrated by Views of the Buildings comprised in the Exposition, Scenes, Incidents, etc., as follows:

1. Bird's-eye View of the Crystal Palace, London, 1851.
2. Jewels belonging to the East India Company dis-
played at the London Exhibition, 1851.
3. Canada Timber Trophy at the London Exhibition,
1851.
4. Transept of London Exhibition Building, 1851.
5. End View of London Exhibition Building, 1851.
6. Cork Exhibition Buildings, Ireland, 1852.
7. Dublin Exhibition Buildings, Ireland, 1853.
8. Crystal Palace, New York City, 1853.
9. Munich Exhibition Buildings, 1854.
10. Paris Exposition Buildings, 1855.
11. Inauguration of the Paris Exposition, 1855.
12. The Grand Vestibule of the Paris Exposition, 1855.
13. Interior View of the Fresh-Water Aquarium at the
Paris Exposition, 1855.
14. The Imperial Pavilion in the Park of the Paris Ex-
position, 1855.
15. The Chime of Bells—The Porch of the Paris Expon-
tion, 1855.
16. Exterior of the Fresh Water Aquarium at the Paris
Exposition, 1855.
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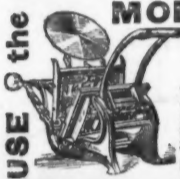
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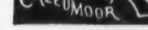
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